GHOSTBUSTERS™
VOLUME 6
BURNHAM • SCHOENING • SHANER • DELGADO

GHOSTBUSTERS
VOLUME 6
TRAINS, BRAINS, AND
GHOSTLY REMAINS

GHOSTBUSTERS™ VOLUME 6

WRITTEN BY ERIK BURNHAM
ART BY DAN SCHOENING AND DOC SHANER
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO
ADDITIONAL COLORS BY ANDREW HARMON AND SAMUEL PLATA
LETTERS BY NEIL UYETAKE, GILBERTO LAZCANO, AND CHRIS MOWRY

"BLAH BLAH BLOB" AND "NO SLEEP 'TIL BROOKLYN"

STORY AND ART BY ERIK BURNHAM
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

"VISITATION"

WRITTEN BY ERIK BURNHAM
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

COVER BY DAN SCHOENING
COVER COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO
SERIES EDITS BY TOM WALTZ
COLLECTION EDITS BY JUSTIN EISINGER AND ALONZO SIMON
COLLECTION DESIGN BY CHRIS MOWRY
PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY AMAURI OSORIO

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
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THE LITTLE COMIC BOOK THAT COULD

When I was handed the editorial reins for IDW's *Ghostbusters* comics in 2010 (or was it 2009? Wow, time flies when you're havin' fun, don't it?), I took on my new gig with a combination of unbridled excitement and sheer terror. You see, I've always been into the *Ghostbusters*, but more as what you might call a casual fan—I loved the movies when they'd been in theaters and had seen them a few times again on cable and video, but had never watched *The Real Ghostbusters* animated show nor read any of the comics previous to the ones published by IDW. But I knew from my experience with other big licenses I'd worked on that the *Ghostbusters* franchise was bound to have far, far more diehard fans than me, and I knew those were the folks our comics would need to impress—the core fan-base—should they have any chance at success. I was suddenly the captain of a ship that I wasn't fully familiar with so, yeah… sheer terror. How was I going to steer this baby away from a shoreline infested with jagged rocks and out into calm, peaceful waters? That was the question burning in my brain as I initially set out on what would (thankfully) become the most pleasant voyage I've taken in my editorial career.

After a few minor early successes with various one-shots and mini-series utilizing a number of different creative teams, I was beginning to think that maybe my time as captain would be short-lived. Our comics were getting positive reviews from critics and fans, but we weren't getting the type of sales traction we were hoping for. It seemed we were pleasing the aforementioned core fan-base to a certain extent, but only so much—partly because, I believe, we had a bit of an erratic publishing schedule; but also because we just hadn't found the proper creative mix to entice both old and new fans into purchasing our comics in significant numbers.

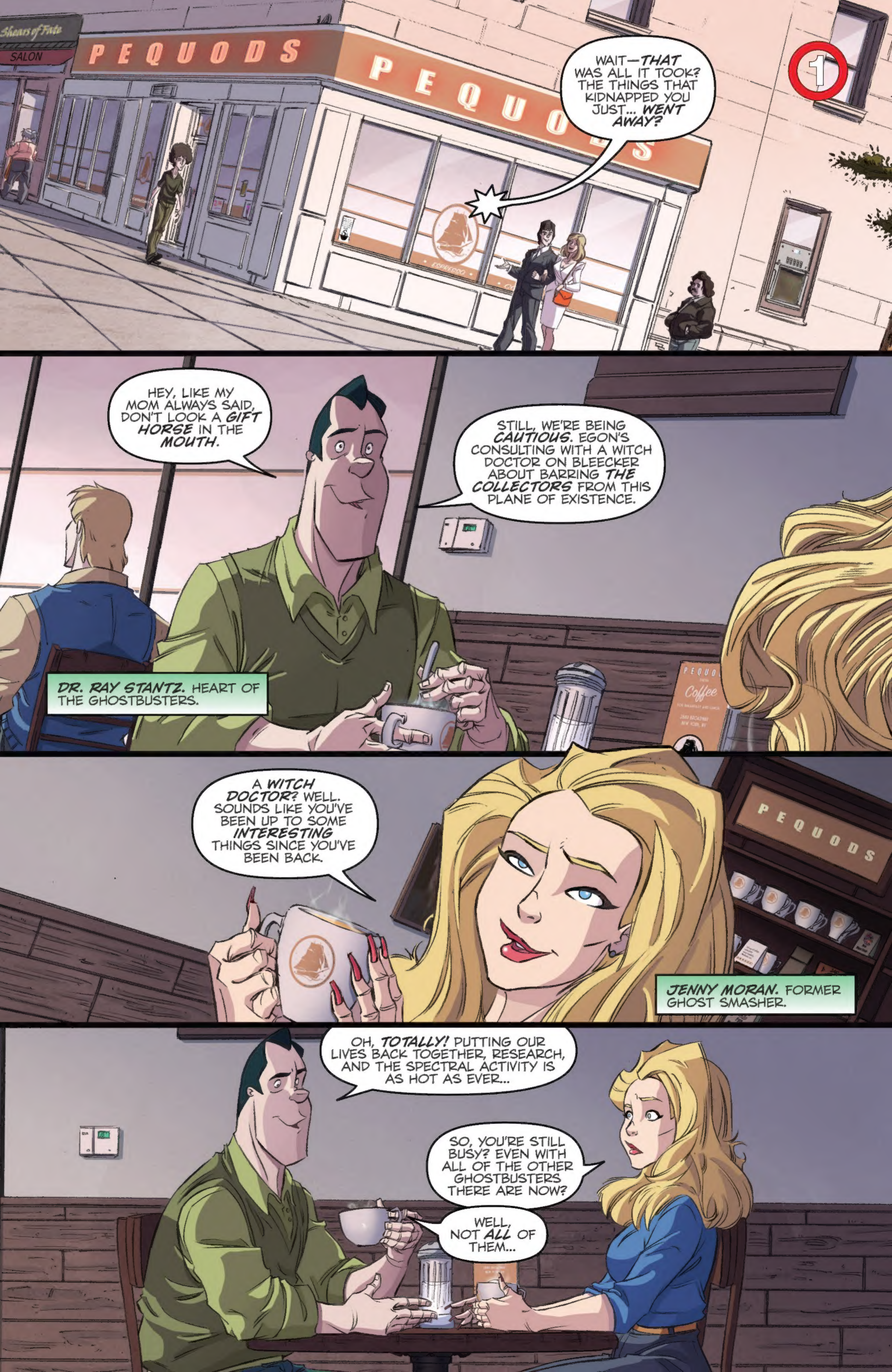
Enter the proper mix!

In the Fall of 2011, we decided to throw a last-ditch Hail Mary with our *Ghostbusters* license, announcing that we would be launching an ongoing series, helmed creatively by relative newcomers—writer Erik Burnham, artist Dan Schoening, colorist Luis Antonio Delgado, and featuring extra materials by writer/artist Tristan Jones. It was a risky move and everyone at the IDW offices (including Yours Truly) believed the ongoing would last four issues and no more—enough for one more collected trade and then bye-bye IDW Ghostbusters. Little did we know that Burnham, Schoening, Delgado and Jones were not only going to prove us wrong, they would do so in absolutely astounding fashion! Our first issue orders were pretty good (as is the case with most new #1s), but they weren't enough as it turned out, as we quickly sold-out the issue and went back for a second printing! Issue #2 orders held firm… then #3… then #4… and before you could say "that's a big twinkie," we were already soliciting our first arc trade… and issue #5… and our sales numbers were growing! Suddenly I found myself the captain of a ship that was sailing steadily and soundly, navigated by a *Ghostbusters* brain trust (Burnham, Schoening, Delgado, Jones) whose deep knowledge of—and passion for—the property was (and is) only eclipsed by their remarkable individual talents. Yes, I had my dream crew… and IDW had a *Ghostbusters* ongoing comic to be proud of!

Which brings us to this—our sixth collected volume. For those who are unaware, each volume collects four issues from the ongoing series, and you don't have to be Egon Spengler to know that calculates out to 24 issues collected, not to mention tons of extras. Twenty-four issues! And counting! And we've still got the same dream crew handling all the sailing chores, taking us out into new and uncharted waters month after month. An adventure that would not have been possible without them, without the awesome support of our licensor, Sony, or without you, dear readers and fans—old and new, diehard and casual alike. Thank you for joining us on this amazing journey and being part of this…

The little comic book that could!

Tom Waltz
Editor, IDW Publishing
October 2013


Shears of Fate
SALON
PEQUODS
PEQUODS
WAIT—THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK? THE THINGS THAT KIDNAPPED YOU JUST... WENT AWAY?
1
HEY, LIKE MY MOM ALWAYS SAID, DON'T LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.
STILL, WE'RE BEING CAUTIOUS. EGON'S CONSULTING WITH A WITCH DOCTOR ON BLEECKER ABOUT BARRING THE COLLECTORS FROM THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE.
DR. RAY STANTZ. HEART OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS.
A WITCH DOCTOR? WELL. SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN UP TO SOME INTERESTING THINGS SINCE YOU'VE BEEN BACK.
PEQUODS
JENNY MORAN. FORMER GHOST SMASHER.
OH, TOTALLY! PUTTING OUR LIVES BACK TOGETHER, RESEARCH, AND THE SPECTRAL ACTIVITY IS AS HOT AS EVER...
SO, YOU'RE STILL BUSY? EVEN WITH ALL OF THE OTHER GHOSTBUSTERS THERE ARE NOW?
WELL, NOT ALL OF THEM...

"...JANINE, SHE WAS *HAPPY* TO GET OUT OF THE FIELD.

"AND PETER'S FRIEND HAD TO GET HOME TO *NEW MEXICO*.

"BUT *KYLIE*—SHE'S BEEN A *HUGE* HELP!"

"AND WHAT ABOUT MY OLD BOSS?"

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO BOSS ME AROUND IN FRONT OF THE CLIENTS, RON? *YOU* WORK FOR *ME*, REMEMBER?

I'M NOT THE ONE WHOSE JUMPSUIT SAYS *"ROOKIE,"* PAL.

SON OF A—

RON ALEXANDER. FORMER GHOST SMASHER... AND STILL A JERK.

CHICAGO? *HAH!* IF *ANYONE* DESERVED TO BE STUCK IN THE WINDY CITY...

HEY, CHICAGO IS *GREAT!* GREAT *MUSIC*, GREAT *PIZZA*.

BUT IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF *NOWHERE!*

HARDLY. AND SINCE I'VE RECENTLY BEEN TRANSPORTED PAST THE DIMENSIONAL CURTAIN AND DEPOSITED INTO A SUCKING VOID THAT MADE THE *SALT FLATS* LOOK *CROWDED*, I *KNOW* FROM *NOWHERE*.

YOU JOKE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T TALKED MUCH ABOUT *THAT*. WHAT WAS IT LIKE?

IT WAS... WHERE WE WERE, THE REGULAR LAWS OF TIME AND SPACE JUST DIDN'T APPLY.

WE WERE ONLY GONE FOR A FEW HOURS... BUT *MONTHS* PASSED HERE.

BUT YOU *DID* GET BACK...

AND I'M WAITING ON THE *REPERCUSSIONS* OF THAT.

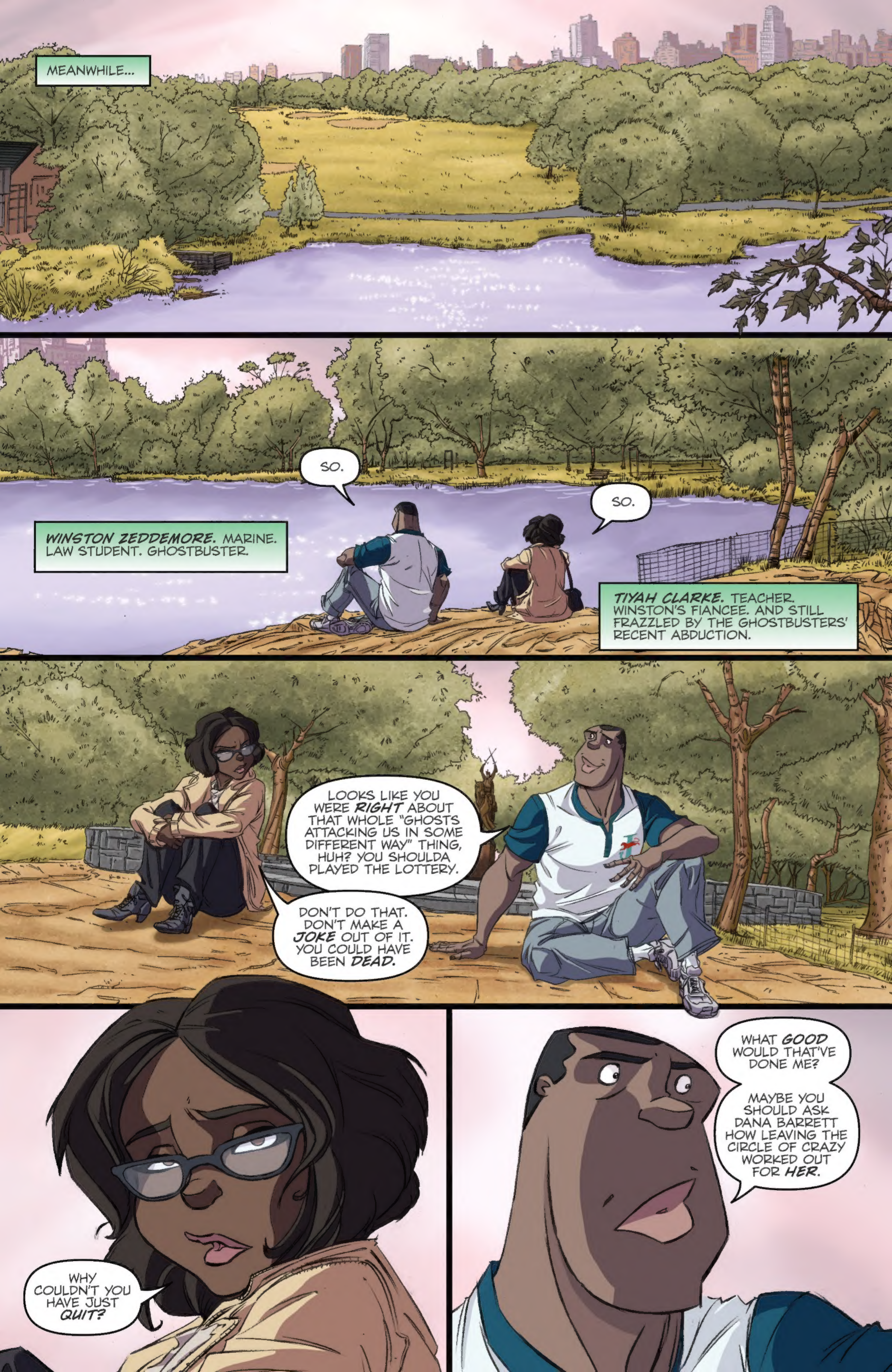
"WE HAD TO *RIP* THROUGH THE FABRIC OF THE DIMENSIONAL WALL WITH A CONTROLLED EXPLOSION TO GET HOME, AND THAT KICKED UP A LOT OF *PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY*. I'M JUST HOPING THOSE WAVES WE MADE DIDN'T CATCH ANY UNDUE ATTENTION.

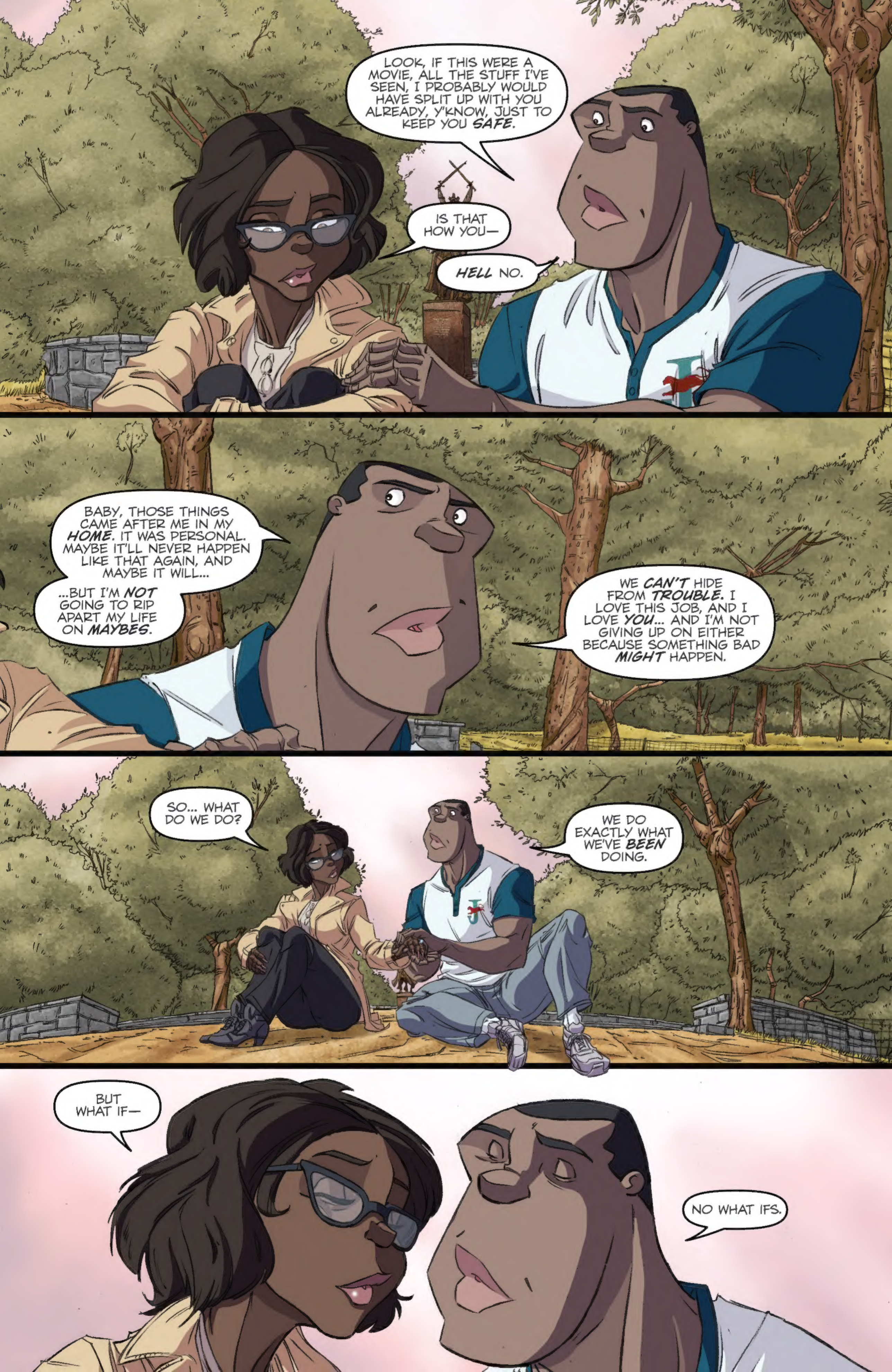
"BUT JUST TO BE ON THE *SAFE* SIDE, EGON AND I HAVE BEEN BONING UP ON EXTRADIMENSIONAL THEORY SO WE DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH OUR PANTS DOWN. THAT'S THE RESEARCH I WAS TALKING ABOUT. IT'S WILD STUFF... *PIONEERING*, REALLY, BUT THERE'S SO *MUCH* DATA TO GO OVER, IT'S BEEN *EXHAUSTING*."

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO TEAR YOURSELF AWAY LONG ENOUGH TO GRAB SOME COFFEE.

CAFFEINE, MY LADY, IS *ALWAYS* WELCOME.

REALLY? WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY *DINNER* NEXT TIME.


MEANWHILE...
SO.
SO.
WINSTON ZEDDEMORE. MARINE. LAW STUDENT. GHOSTBUSTER.
TIYAH CLARKE. TEACHER. WINSTON'S FIANCEE. AND STILL FRAZZLED BY THE GHOSTBUSTERS' RECENT ABDUCTION.
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THAT WHOLE "GHOSTS ATTACKING US IN SOME DIFFERENT WAY" THING, HUH? YOU SHOULDA PLAYED THE LOTTERY.
DON'T DO THAT. DON'T MAKE A JOKE OUT OF IT. YOU COULD HAVE BEEN DEAD.
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT'VE DONE ME?
MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK DANA BARRETT HOW LEAVING THE CIRCLE OF CRAZY WORKED OUT FOR HER.
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST QUIT?


LOOK, IF THIS WERE A MOVIE, ALL THE STUFF I'VE SEEN, I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE SPLIT UP WITH YOU ALREADY, Y'KNOW, JUST TO KEEP YOU SAFE.
IS THAT HOW YOU—
HELL NO.
BABY, THOSE THINGS CAME AFTER ME IN MY HOME. IT WAS PERSONAL. MAYBE IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN LIKE THAT AGAIN, AND MAYBE IT WILL...
...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO RIP APART MY LIFE ON MAYBES.
WE CAN'T HIDE FROM TROUBLE. I LOVE THIS JOB, AND I LOVE YOU... AND I'M NOT GIVING UP ON EITHER BECAUSE SOMETHING BAD MIGHT HAPPEN.
SO... WHAT DO WE DO?
WE DO EXACTLY WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING.
BUT WHAT IF—
NO WHAT IFS.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.
WHAT'S WRONG, ORTIZ? AREN'T YOU GLAD TO BE BACK?
DUNNO, SAVAGE. I GUESS I'M MISSING THE EXCITEMENT.
I KNOW I WAS CHAMPING AT THE BIT TO GET BACK TO WORK BACK WHEN I GOT PUT ON LEAVE, AND WE'RE NOT MUCH DIFFERENT IN THAT WAY.
"EXCITEMENT?" WE WERE JUST SHOT AT, AND THERE WILL BE FORMS TO FILL OUT ON THAT LATER.
SO MANY FORMS...
SPECIAL AGENT MELANIE ORTIZ. FBI AGENT. TEMPORARY GHOSTBUSTER.
SPECIAL AGENT JIM SAVAGE. MEL'S PARTNER. BELIEVES IN ALIENS.
YEAH, I KNOW. BUT NEW YORK WAS JUST SO...
MAYBE MY IDEA OF EXCITEMENT'S JUST CHANGING UP A BIT.

MAMARONECK, NEW YORK.
STOP
YOU THERE, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I HAVE A *TRAIN* TO CATCH!
YEAH, ME TOO.
PETER VENKMAN. THE MOUTH OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS.
HOW'S IT LOOKING BACK THERE, KID?
IT'S LOOKING... WHOA, GEEZ...
Mamaroneck
KYLIE GRIFFIN. MANAGER OF *RAY'S OCCULT BOOKSTORE* AND SPARE GHOSTBUSTER.
CHOOOOOOO CHOOO
INCOMING!
HUH.
LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT BE HERE FOR A WHILE, PAL. THINK YOU COULD FINISH THIS UP FOR ME? THANKS *SO* MUCH.

I WANT TIME AND A HALF FOR THIS.
FOR THIS? THIS IS A SIDE GIG. YOU GET TEN PERCENT.
THIRTY.
TWENTY, AND I DON'T TELL RAY YOU HIRED A FUNCTIONAL ILLITERATE TO WATCH HIS BOOKSTORE.
HH... DEAL.
BUT HE CAN READ.
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
NOW WHERE'D CASEY GET OFF TO?
"CASEY?"
"JONES." IT'S MY ONLY GO-TO RAILROAD REFERENCE.
NOTHING WITH JESUS GARCIA? WHO'S THE ILLITERATE NOW—WAIT.
LOOK OUT!
CHOOOOOO CHOOOOOOOO

WELL, THAT VIOLATES THE LAWS OF PHYSICS.
AND YOU'RE *WELCOME*, DR. VENKMAN.
I HATE IT WHEN THEY DO THAT.
YEAH, GOD FORBID A GHOST FLIES AROUND...
WHAT WAS THAT?
I SAID, IT'S *CIRCLING* BACK AROUND. UM, DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT THIS DOESN'T REALLY SEEM TO BE A TWO-PERSON JOB...
WELL, THAT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU STILL HAVE A *LOT* TO LEARN ABOUT GHOSTBUSTING, GRASSHOPPER.
WHERE ARE YOU—HEY, DON'T *LEAVE* ME HERE!!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, I'VE GOT *SOMETHING* FOR THIS...
...*AHA!* AND THERE IT IS.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, RUNNING OFF WHEN I—

—WAIT. IS THAT A...?

YEP.

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

SHKOOM

EH?

SHBOOM ZZZZT
OKAY, KIDDO— THROW 'EM.
SHHHZZZZZK
SHHHZZZZZK
AAAAAAAAAAGGGGH!
ZZZZK

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHGGGHHHHHH—

WOOOOSH

THERE IT IS. PIECE OF CAKE, RIGHT?

SAYS THE MAN WHO BROKE OUT A *BAZOOKA.*

EH, GOOD POINT. AND DON'T TELL *EGON* ABOUT THAT, BY THE WAY. IT'LL BREAK HIS LITTLE HEART THAT HE DIDN'T GET TO USE IT FIRST.

WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT—FOR *FIFTY* PERCENT.

FIFTY?

Y'KNOW WHAT? LET HIM SUFFER A LITTLE HEARTBREAK. IT'LL BE *GOOD* FOR HIM.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MANHATTAN...

MISTER HARDEMEYER, THANKS FOR COMING BY.

WALTER PECK. HEAD OF THE PARANORMAL CONTRACTS OVERSIGHT COMMISSION.

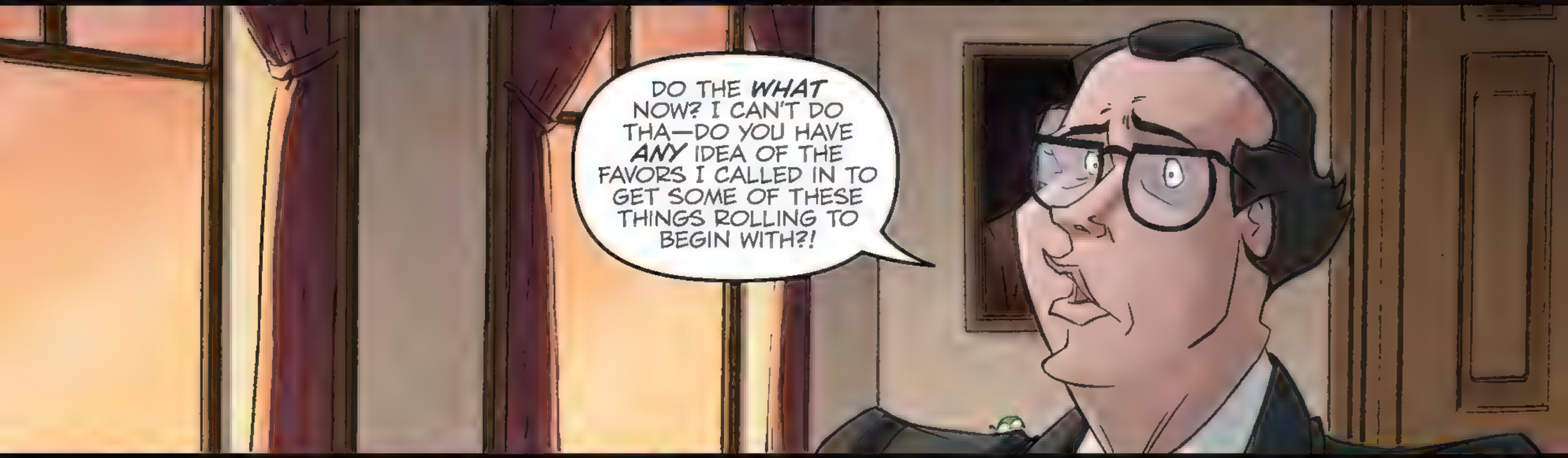
JACK HARDEMEYER. INTERIM PCOC LIAISON TO THE GHOSTBUSTERS.

OH, HAPPY TO MAKE A LITTLE DETOUR, SIR. AND LISTEN—I HAVE GREAT NEWS. ON THE WAY HERE I CLOSED A DEAL FOR THE GHOSTBUSTERS TO SPONSOR ARMY BOOTS!

"THEY'RE NOT JUST FOR YOUR MOTHER ANYMORE!"

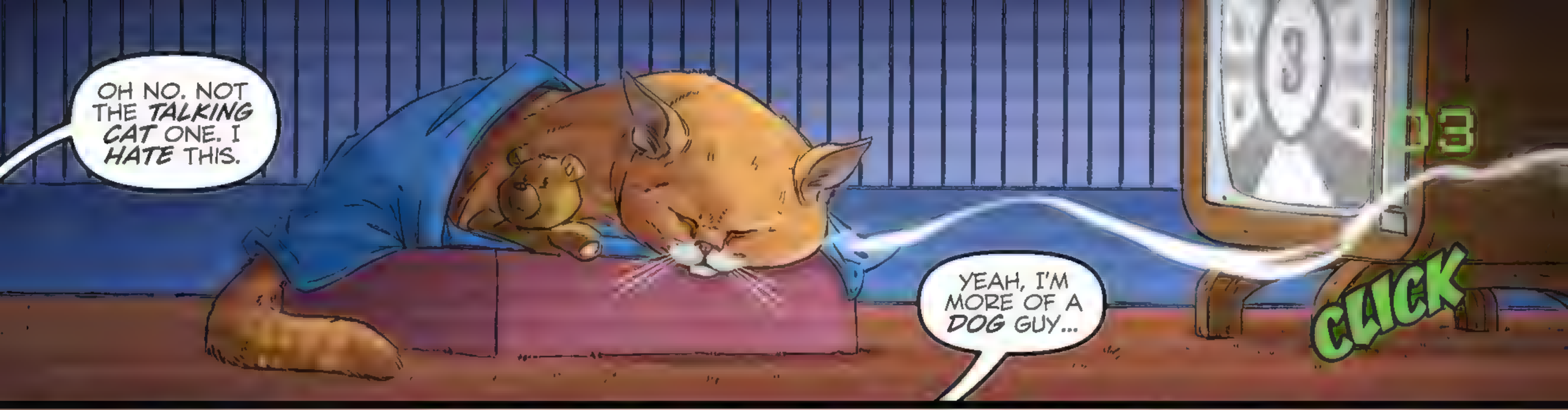
I THINK IT'S A REAL WINNER. WE'LL RAKE IN—

LET ME STOP YOU RIGHT THERE.

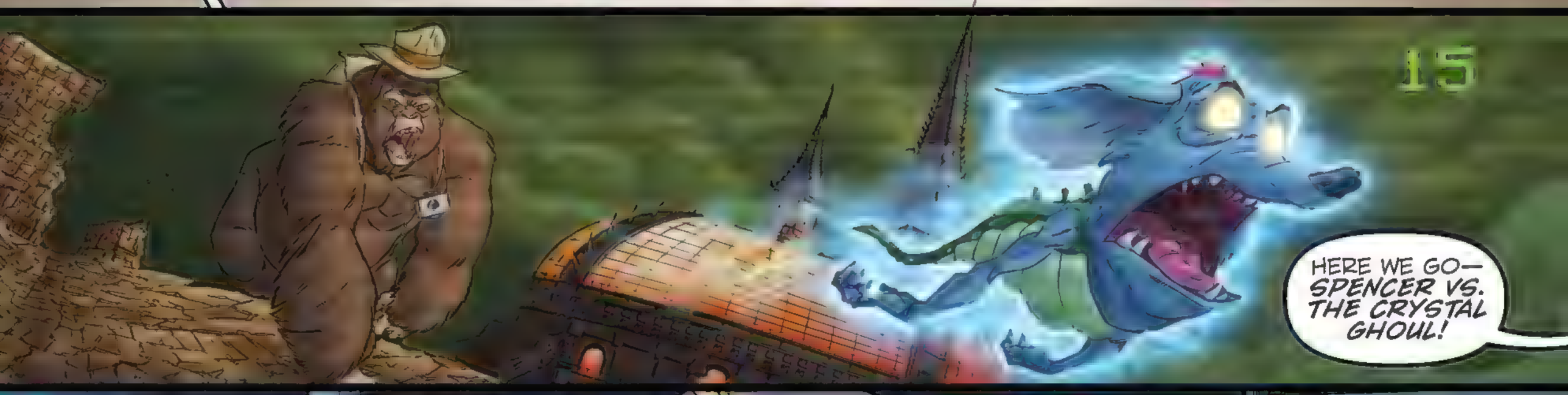


EPA Busts Ghost-Catchers
THE SIMPLE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT THE GHOSTBUSTERS WERE GONE. NO ONE KNEW IF THEY WERE COMING BACK. I HAD PROBLEMS TO SOLVE.
I HAD TO SECURE ALTERNATE PARANORMAL CONTRACTORS, CONVINCE CITY HALL OF THE WISDOM OF MY JUDGMENT, AND MAINTAIN SOME MEASURE OF CONTROL.
TYING IN A MERCHANDISING DEAL COVERED ALL THOSE BASES QUITE WELL. AND, TO BE FAIR, I DID WARN YOU NOT TO GET CARRIED AWAY.
YOU DID NOT! YOU GAVE ME CARTE BLANCHE TO CUT WHATEVER DEAL I COULD.
DAMMIT, WALTER, I HAD A PIECE OF THIS!
THINGS CHANGE. WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT EVEN INTERDIMENSIONAL BANISHMENT WOULDN'T KEEP VENKMAN AND THE OTHERS DOWN?
THE MOMENT THEY RETURNED, THEY REGAINED CONTROL OF THEIR BRAND AND MERCHANDISING.
AND SINCE MISS MELNITZ WILL RESUME HER DUTIES COORDINATING WITH THIS OFFICE...
...YOUR SERVICES, I'M AFRAID, ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.
YOU USED ME!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A KINDRED SPIRIT, I—WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDS!
WE WERE NEVER FRIENDS, MISTER HARDEMEYER... WE JUST NEITHER OF US LIKED PETER VENKMAN.
YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY ATTORNEY!
MM. YES, I CAN HARDLY WAIT.
PACIFIC
EPA Busts Ghost-Catchers

LATER.
HEY, HOW ABOUT THIS?
A WOLFMAN MOVIE? REALLY? I TOLD YOU I DON'T LIKE HORROR MOVIES, RIGHT?
THIS ISN'T HORROR, IT'S MORE LIKE A SCI-FI COMEDY WITH A PINCH OF—
RIGHT. NEVER MIND.
ROGER BAUGH. JANINE'S BOYFRIEND. ENGLISH PROFESSOR.
JANINE MELNITZ. HEAD OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS' SUPPORT STAFF.
LET'S JUST FIND SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO WATCH.
WELL, THE WOLFMAN MOVIE WAS PRETTY—
PASS. GIMME THE REMOTE.


OH NO. NOT THE *TALKING CAT* ONE. I *HATE* THIS.
YEAH, I'M MORE OF A *DOG* GUY...
CLICK

WAIT, MAYBE THIS... NAH, I'VE SEEN THEM ALL.
THAT'S *QUITE* AN ACHIEVEMENT.
QUIET, YOU.
ZEALOUS Ladies


HERE WE GO— *SPENCER VS. THE CRYSTAL GHOUL!*

THIS IS PERFECT. I THINK WE COULD TOP THE FX BUDGET WITH WHAT'S IN MY *COUCH!*
NO *SNARKY* COMEBACK, JANINE? HAVE WE FOUND A WINNER?
JANINE?

JANINE!

YES... COME ON...

EGON SPENGLER. THE BRAINS OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS.

DOCTOR SPENGLER!!

DAMMIT!

FZZT

YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? THIS IS A SECURE AREA! YOU JUST INTERRUPTED AN EXPERIMENT THAT COULD HAVE HAD SIGNIFICANT—

I'M HERE ABOUT JANINE.

JANINE HAS GONE FOR THE EVENING! I—WAIT.

WHERE DID THAT YELLOW SLIME COME FROM?

JANINE!
OH GOD, THIS IS SO MUCH WORSE THAN WHEN I LEFT.
CALM DOWN. I JUST HAVE TO COUNTERACT ANY LINGERING EFFECTS FROM THE ECTOPLASMIC DISCHARGE.
THEN WE CAN GET A BETTER SENSE AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON.
SPOOOOOSH
SSSSSSSS
IS... IS IT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?
EVAPORATE ON CONTACT? NO.
DOES SHE NEED AN EXORCISM? BECAUSE—
QUIET.
I'M JUST TRYING TO BE HELPFUL...
AND YOU'RE NOT. AN EXORCISM ISN'T GOING TO WORK BECAUSE THIS... ISN'T EXACTLY A POSSESSION.
LOOK, I'M NOT GOING TO—

SNAP
WAIT!
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE *FIREHOUSE*, AND WE NEED TO BRING JANINE.
UHM... GRAB AN *ARM*?
DING
ABOUT TIME.
WHAT THE—?!
GOING DOWN?
I, NO—I MUST HAVE HIT THE BUTTON BY *MISTAKE*. I'M STAYING *IN* TONIGHT.

SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT *IS* THAT THING?

A *GRIS-GRIS BAG.* VOODOO TALISMAN. ONE OF ITS USES IS TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS.

WHAT WILL IT DO?

I DON'T KNOW...

...BUT ITS CONTACT WITH THE SLIME *SHOULD* GIVE ME MORE DATA TO WORK WITH.

OOP.

WELL, THAT DID NOTHING.

ANY *OTHER* TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE, DOCTOR?

PROLOGUE.
THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, A FEW MILES AWAY FROM MONTAUK, LONG ISLAND.
THIS ISN'T GOOD FISHING WEATHER, TONY. I THINK WE SHOULD TURN BACK.
2
MAYBE THE FISH DON'T KNOW THAT, BEN.
CRREEEEAK
WHOA!
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT LOOKS LIKE... ICE? BUT WHERE DID IT COME—
LEEEEEEEAVE
LEEEEEEEAVE
END PROLOGUE.

NEW YORK CITY.
COME ON, SURELY YOU HAVE *SOMETHING* BETTER THAN A "VOODOO CHARM" TO HELP JANINE. AT LEAST TRY SOMETHING THAT REQUIRES *ELECTRICITY*...
I'M THINKING.
THIS DOES US NO—
<YOU DARE?!?>
<YOU DARE USE MAGIC AGAINST US?>
DR. SPENGLER, HE SAID—
I *KNOW* WHAT HE SAID. I LEARNED *SWEDISH* WHEN I WAS RESEARCHING GJENGANGER AS AN UNDERGRAD.
<AND I DIDN'T USE MAGIC. I WAS MERELY CONCERNED THAT AN *EVIL SPIRIT* MAY HAVE *BEWITCHED* THE WOMAN, AND BROUGHT FORTH A PROTECTIVE TALISMAN AS A PRECAUTION.>
<DO WE LOOK LIKE EVIL SPIRITS TO YOU, SORCERER?>
<THAT WOULD BE *PROFILING*.>

(STILL, IF YOU'RE *BENEVOLENT* ENTITIES, PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO US HOW TO MOST EFFICIENTLY DISPEL WHATEVER *CURSE* HAS OVERTAKEN OUR FRIEND.)

<JANINE MELNITZ IS BEYOND YOUR HELP. SHE HAS PROFANED AN ANCIENT RITE, AND HER SPIRIT IS FORFEIT.>

(BUT THAT CAN'T BE, I—)

(*AHEM*. TELL ME HOW I CAN HELP HER, OR *ELSE*.)

<ARE YOU THREATENING ME?>

HAHAHAHAHA!

(VERY WELL. YOU'VE FORCED MY HAND.)

I LOVE THE RED SOX!

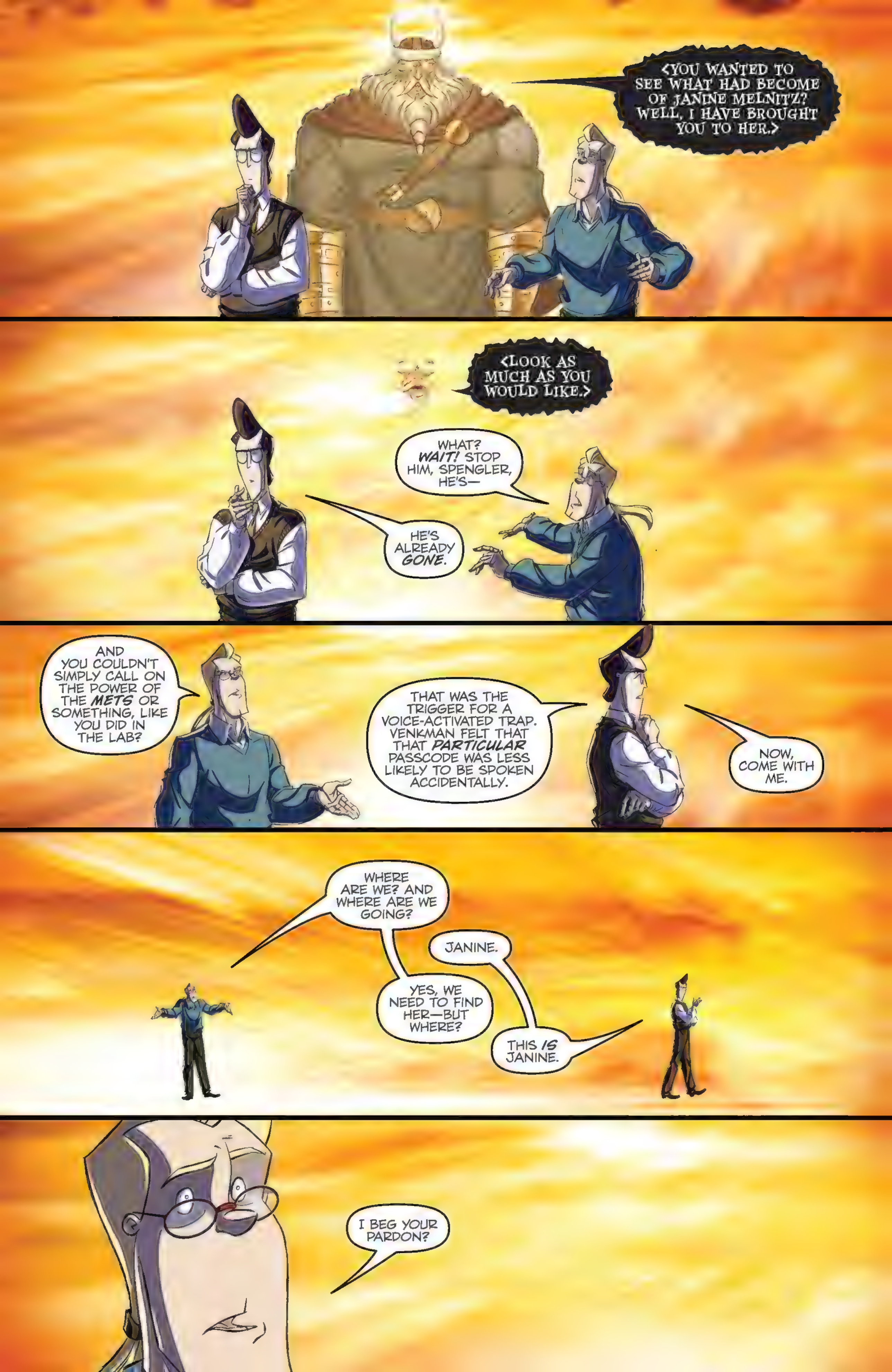
CLICK

EH?

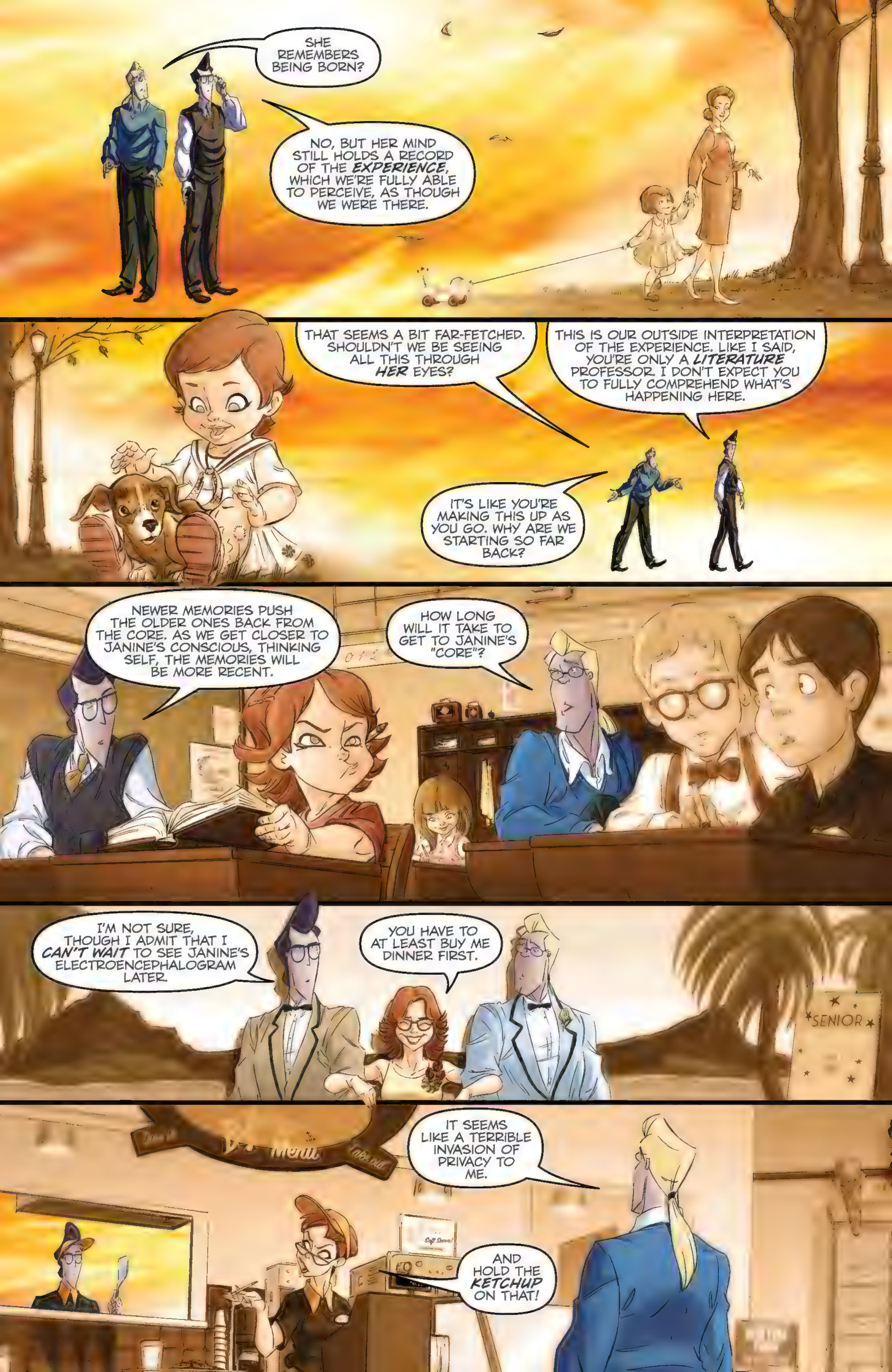
WOOOOOOOP

<WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?>
<I'VE SENT YOUR COMPANIONS TO AN *INESCAPABLE HELL.* TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO JANINE OR YOU'LL *JOIN* THEM.>
<I DO NOT FEAR YOUR THREATS. I AM NO COWARD.>
<W-WELL, JANINE *WAS* ATTACKED UNAWARES. I'D SAY THAT IS THE VERY *DEFINITION* OF COWARDLY.>
DON'T *HELP* ME...
BAH!
<VERY WELL! IF YOU TWO WANT TO SEE WHAT HAS BECOME OF JANINE MELNITZ...>
<...THEN SO BE IT!>

WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S GOING ON?!
YOU'RE PANICKING. STOP.
I FEEL THAT MY LEVEL OF PANIC IS MORE THAN APPROPRIATE, PERHAPS EVEN UNDERSTATED, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES. NOW TELL ME WHERE WE ARE!


<YOU WANTED TO SEE WHAT HAD BECOME OF JANINE MELNITZ? WELL, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO HER.>
<LOOK AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD LIKE.>
WHAT? WAIT! STOP HIM, SPENGLER, HE'S—
HE'S ALREADY GONE.
AND YOU COULDN'T SIMPLY CALL ON THE POWER OF THE METS OR SOMETHING, LIKE YOU DID IN THE LAB?
THAT WAS THE TRIGGER FOR A VOICE-ACTIVATED TRAP. VENKMAN FELT THAT THAT PARTICULAR PASSCODE WAS LESS LIKELY TO BE SPOKEN ACCIDENTALLY.
NOW, COME WITH ME.
WHERE ARE WE? AND WHERE ARE WE GOING?
JANINE.
YES, WE NEED TO FIND HER—BUT WHERE?
THIS IS JANINE.
I BEG YOUR PARDON?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF ASTRAL PROJECTION? YOU CAN CONSIDER WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO US THE FORCIBLE VERSION OF THAT.
SCANDINAVIAN DRAUGAR CAN ENTER INTO THE DREAMS OF THE LIVING, AND I THINK THAT'S MORE OR LESS WHAT HAPPENED HERE. WHAT WE PERCEIVE RIGHT NOW IS THE FRINGES OF JANINE'S MIND.
BUT WHY WOULD YOU EVEN ASSUME—I MEAN, SCIENCE DOESN'T...
YOU'RE A LITERATURE PROFESSOR. DON'T TRY TO PRETEND YOU UNDERSTAND SCIENCE.
OR, TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY: "THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, HORATIO, THAN ARE DREAMED OF IN YOUR PHILOSOPHY."
"DREAMT OF..."
WHATEVER. WE ARE WHERE WE ARE, AND WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO MOVE FORWARD.
LIKE A DOOR?
OPERATING THEATRES
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. MELNITZ, IT'S A GIRL!
BEFORE YOU EVEN ASK, THIS IS PROBABLY JANINE'S EARLIEST RECORDED EXPERIENCE.


SHE REMEMBERS BEING BORN?
NO, BUT HER MIND STILL HOLDS A RECORD OF THE EXPERIENCE, WHICH WE'RE FULLY ABLE TO PERCEIVE, AS THOUGH WE WERE THERE.
THAT SEEMS A BIT FAR-FETCHED. SHOULDN'T WE BE SEEING ALL THIS THROUGH HER EYES?
THIS IS OUR OUTSIDE INTERPRETATION OF THE EXPERIENCE. LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE ONLY A LITERATURE PROFESSOR. I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO FULLY COMPREHEND WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.
IT'S LIKE YOU'RE MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO. WHY ARE WE STARTING SO FAR BACK?
NEWER MEMORIES PUSH THE OLDER ONES BACK FROM THE CORE. AS WE GET CLOSER TO JANINE'S CONSCIOUS, THINKING SELF, THE MEMORIES WILL BE MORE RECENT.
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO GET TO JANINE'S "CORE"?
I'M NOT SURE, THOUGH I ADMIT THAT I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE JANINE'S ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAM LATER.
YOU HAVE TO AT LEAST BUY ME DINNER FIRST.
SENIOR
IT SEEMS LIKE A TERRIBLE INVASION OF PRIVACY TO ME.
AND HOLD THE KETCHUP ON THAT!

SO, WHAT KIND OF AN OUTFIT IS THIS, ANYWAY?
WE PLAN TO SPECIALIZE IN PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION.
SO, YOU'RE *CON ARTISTS.*
NO, TOTALLY LEGIT—THOUGH WE *MAY* RETHINK THAT LATER.
VENKMAN! WE NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE WITH THE BOILER.
I'M CONDUCTING A *JOB INTERVIEW* HERE, EGON.
I'M SURE SHE'LL BE FINE.
OKAY, YOU *WIN*—I'LL TAKE THE JOB.
BUT I HAVEN'T DECIDED IF I'M GOING TO *HIRE* YOU YET.
OH, PLEASE. I CAN SMELL *DESPERATION* A MILE AWAY.
SHE SAW A LIGHT FROM THE HEAVENS AND A CHOIR OF ANGELS WHEN SHE MET YOU? *REALLY?*
I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR PERSONAL INTERPRETATION OF THE EVENTS IN JANINE'S MIND.

I... WELL... STILL! HER INTEREST WAS PAINFULLY OBVIOUS. HOW DID YOU NOT NOTICE? NOT THAT I'M NOT GRATEFUL.
I NOTICED. HOWEVER, I WAS BUSY PREVENTING THE END OF THE WORLD.
WAIT, LOOK! THAT ONE LOOKS A LOT LIKE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT US HERE!
I REMEMBER JANINE TELLING ME ABOUT THIS ONE. HE BLOWS UP, RIGHT? IT WASN'T ALL THAT LONG AGO.
THIS MEANS WE HAVE TO BE CLOSE TO—
OH.
I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU.
NOT NOW.
YES, NOW. THIS WAS JUST A COUPLE OF WEEKS BACK AND YOU... LOOK, WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS THIS NOW, LIKE CIVILIZED—
OH.

JANINE!

ROGER? EGON!

<INTRUDERS?>

<I DIDN'T THINK THEY WOULD FIND THEIR WAY TO US BEFORE WE WERE FINISHED.>

<YOU BROUGHT THEM? IDIOT!>

<INTRUDERS! THIS IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN! LEAVE.>

<THIS IS VERY *MUCH* OUR CONCERN. WE HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN THIS WOMAN'S WELL-BEING. WHY HAVE YOU TAKEN HER?>

<BECAUSE SHE CHEATED US.>

<THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH.>

<THEN I WILL EXPLAIN.>

<LONG AGO, WE SOUGHT AID FROM THE GODS...>

"<...ONLY HEL ANSWERED.>

"<IN EXCHANGE FOR HER AID, THE GODDESS PROPOSED A WAGER...>

"<...ONCE A DECADE, HEL WOULD TEST THE BRAVERY OF OUR DESCENDANTS BY SENDING THE SPIRIT OF THE MONSTER, GRENDEL, TO FACE THEM.>

"<IF THEY FAILED THIS TEST, SHE WOULD CLAIM THEIR SOULS FOR HERSELF. AND IF, AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS, MORE OF OUR KIN HAD FAILED THAN NOT... SHE WOULD THEN CLAIM OUR SOULS AS WELL, AND WE WOULD NEVER SEE VALHALLA.>"

<THIS WOMAN DID NOT FACE GRENDEL ALONE—SHE SOLICITED ADVICE FROM ANOTHER. BUT WORSE THAN THAT, SHE SOMEHOW CAPTURED THE BEAST. HEL CANNOT CALL HIM HOME, THE WAGER CANNOT BE DECIDED, AND WE WILL BE FOREVER UNABLE TO REST.>

(THAT'S UNFORTUNATE, BUT I'D SAY THAT ANYONE WHO DIDN'T HAVE THE FORESIGHT TO AVOID MAKING BETS WITH THE GODS ***DESERVED*** SUCH A FATE.)

(AND WHAT GOOD DID YOU THINK CAPTURING JANINE WOULD DO? DID YOU THINK THAT SHE'D ***RETURN*** GRENDEL SOMEHOW, OR THAT THIS WOULD CAUSE HEL TO ***RELEASE*** YOU FROM YOUR DEBT?)

UM, DR. SPENGLER, I DON'T KNOW IF ***ANTAGONIZING*** THEM IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA...

RELAX. IF VENKMAN CAN MANAGE TO EXORCISE HIMSELF FROM A POSSESSING ENTITY, I SHOULD AT ***LEAST*** BE ABLE TO TALK THIS RABBLE INTO RELEASING JANINE.

<I SAY WE KILL THEM ALL AND OFFER THEIR SOULS TO HEL!>
<AYE!>
UM... IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I MISCALCULATED.
SO ALL THOSE TIMES THE GHOSTBUSTERS SAVED THE WORLD, IT WAS MOSTLY THE OTHERS, RIGHT?!
IT WAS A SMALL ERROR. SCIENCE IS LITTERED WITH SMALL ERRORS.
QUICK! THIS WAY!
<THEY WENT THIS WAY!>
OKAY, LET'S JUST WAIT UNTIL THEY—
OH, LOUIS...

LOUIS? WHO'S—
WAIT! THIS IS ALL IN THE PAST, AND YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO SEE WHAT... HANG ON.
HANG ON? WHY? DO WE NEED TO STAY FOR THE WHOLE SHOW?
NO, IT'S— I CAN FEEL THIS COUCH.
AND THIS PEN... IT'S TANGIBLE. IT HAS A WEIGHT...
WE NEED TO FIND ANOTHER MEMORY OF THE FIREHOUSE. RIGHT NOW.
WHERE DID I GO WRONG WITH MY LIFE? I HAD OPPORTUNITIES... I COULDA MADE BETTER MONEY AND HAD LESS AGGRAVATION...
JANINE!
EGON! ARE YOU REALLY HERE? PLEASE TELL ME THIS ISN'T THE PLACE WHERE YOU AND THE OTHERS WERE TRAPPED.
NO, JANINE. TECHNICALLY, AH, WE'RE IN YOUR MIND.
AND WHO'S LOUIS?

GET ME DOWN— NOW!
THIS WILL WORK.
SHZZZAK
FWK
OH, NO.
PERFECT!
OWW!
GEE, THANKS...
WHUMP
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND—YOU'VE JUST PROVEN A THEORY.
WAS IT GRAVITY? BECAUSE THAT'S BEEN DONE.
NO, IT'S ALL THE POWER OF THE MIND TO... LOOK, I'LL EXPLAIN LATER—
<NO...>

<...FOR YOU, THERE WILL BE NO LATER.>
(I'M NOT GOING TO DEBATE CHRONOMETRY WITH YOU.)
(I WILL, HOWEVER, GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO RELEASE THE HOLD YOU HAVE ON JANINE AND SEND OUR SPIRITS BACK TO OUR BODIES...)
(...OR I'LL BE FORCED TO DESTROY YOU.)
<HAH! YOU DON'T HAVE THE POWER. IF YOU DID, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE RUN.>
(CARE TO BET ON THAT? MAYBE YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIENDS.)
<I REMEMBER.>
<I REMEMBER!>

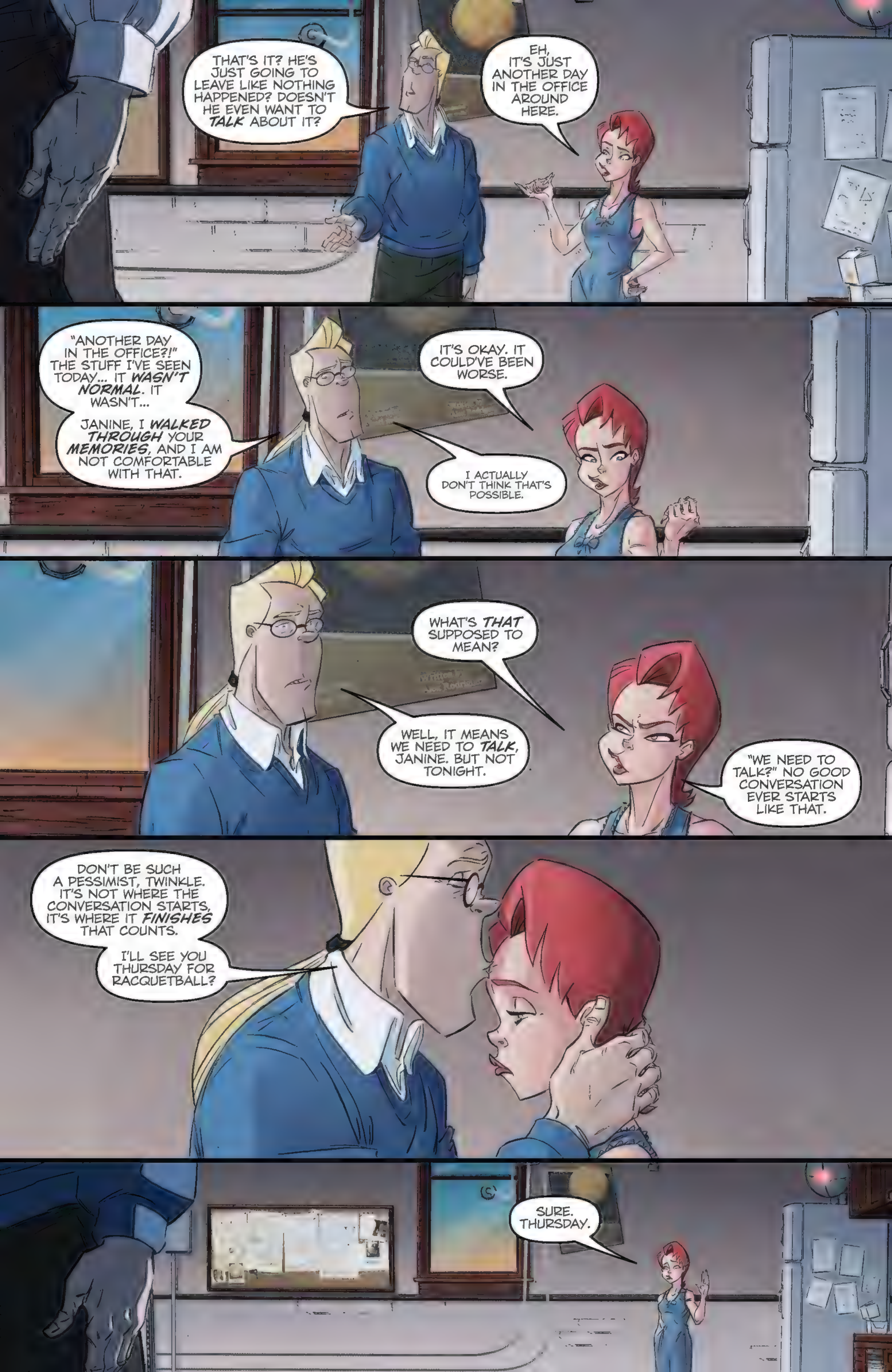
GAH!

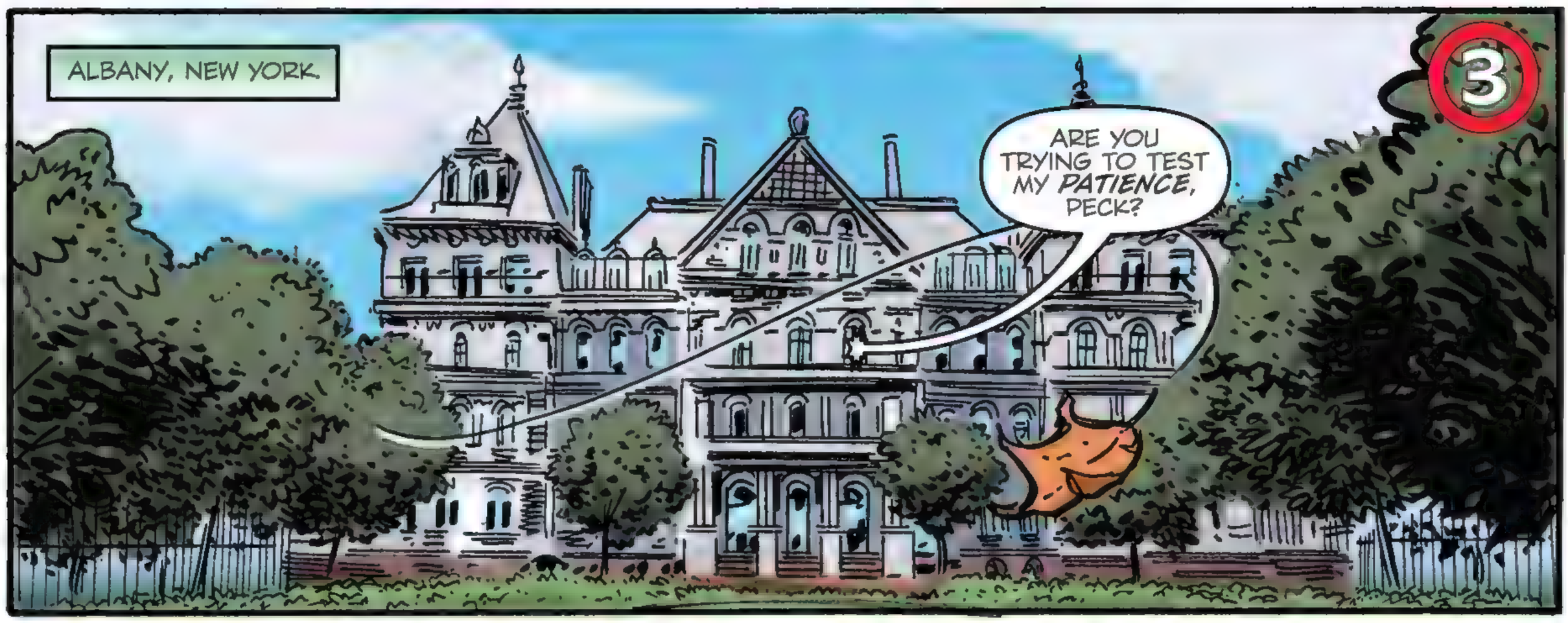
CHOOM

(I REALLY *DON'T* LIKE TO REPEAT MYSELF.)

WHAT? AAAAH!
THUD
GAAAASP!
<WE HAVE RETURNED YOU, BUT KNOW THIS...>
<...YOU WILL ALL PAY FOR CONDEMNING US TO THIS EXISTENCE.>
<I DOUBT THAT.>
<YOU SOUND CERTAIN.>
<OF COURSE I DO...>
...BECAUSE I LOVE THE RED SOX.

WOOOOOOOOOP!
NOOOOOOOOOOOO-!
FSST
I GOTTA HAND IT TO RAY...
...I NEVER THOUGHT THOSE THINGS WOULD COME IN HANDY.
AHEM. YES. I'M PLEASED TO SEE THAT WE ALL... AH...
...I REALLY SHOULD CHECK TO MAKE SURE THAT WALL-TRAP PROPERLY DEPOSITED EVERYTHING INTO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT. THAT WAS A LOT TO TAKE IN AT ONCE.
EXCUSE ME.


THAT'S IT? HE'S JUST GOING TO LEAVE LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED? DOESN'T HE EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?
EH, IT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE OFFICE AROUND HERE.
"ANOTHER DAY IN THE OFFICE?!" THE STUFF I'VE SEEN TODAY... IT WASN'T NORMAL. IT WASN'T...
JANINE, I WALKED THROUGH YOUR MEMORIES, AND I AM NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THAT.
IT'S OKAY. IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE.
I ACTUALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
WELL, IT MEANS WE NEED TO TALK, JANINE. BUT NOT TONIGHT.
"WE NEED TO TALK?" NO GOOD CONVERSATION EVER STARTS LIKE THAT.
DON'T BE SUCH A PESSIMIST, TWINKLE. IT'S NOT WHERE THE CONVERSATION STARTS, IT'S WHERE IT FINISHES THAT COUNTS.
I'LL SEE YOU THURSDAY FOR RACQUETBALL?
SURE. THURSDAY.


ALBANY, NEW YORK.
3
ARE YOU TRYING TO TEST MY PATIENCE, PECK?

YOU WERE TOLD THAT THERE WERE GHOSTS FLOATING AROUND NEAR MONTAUK, AND YOU ASSURED ME THAT IT WOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF.

WELL, I JUST SPENT A HALF AN HOUR ON THE PHONE WITH THE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND, WHOSE SISTER GAVE HIM THE IDEA THAT THESE THINGS COULD INVADE BLOCK ISLAND NEXT.

DO YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE I CARE TO TALK TO THE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND, PECK?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE GHOSTBUSTERS HAVE BEEN BACKED UP WITH—
DO YOU THINK I CARE? THE ONLY THING I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU IS THAT THINGS ARE BEING TAKEN CARE OF, AND THEN—HERE'S THE KEY THING—I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THEM! NOW! OR YOU'RE DONE!
CLIK

-SIGH-

BEEP BOOP BEEP

WHO IS THIS, AND HOW DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS TODAY, MR. VENKMAN. I NEED TO KNOW, PLEASE, WHY YOU HAVEN'T DEALT WITH THE GOVERNOR'S MATTER YET.
AND WHICH MATTER IS THAT?
HEY, BUDDY, LET'S NOT SKIMP ON THE RELISH. THERE YA GO.
Elsinore
HOT DOGS

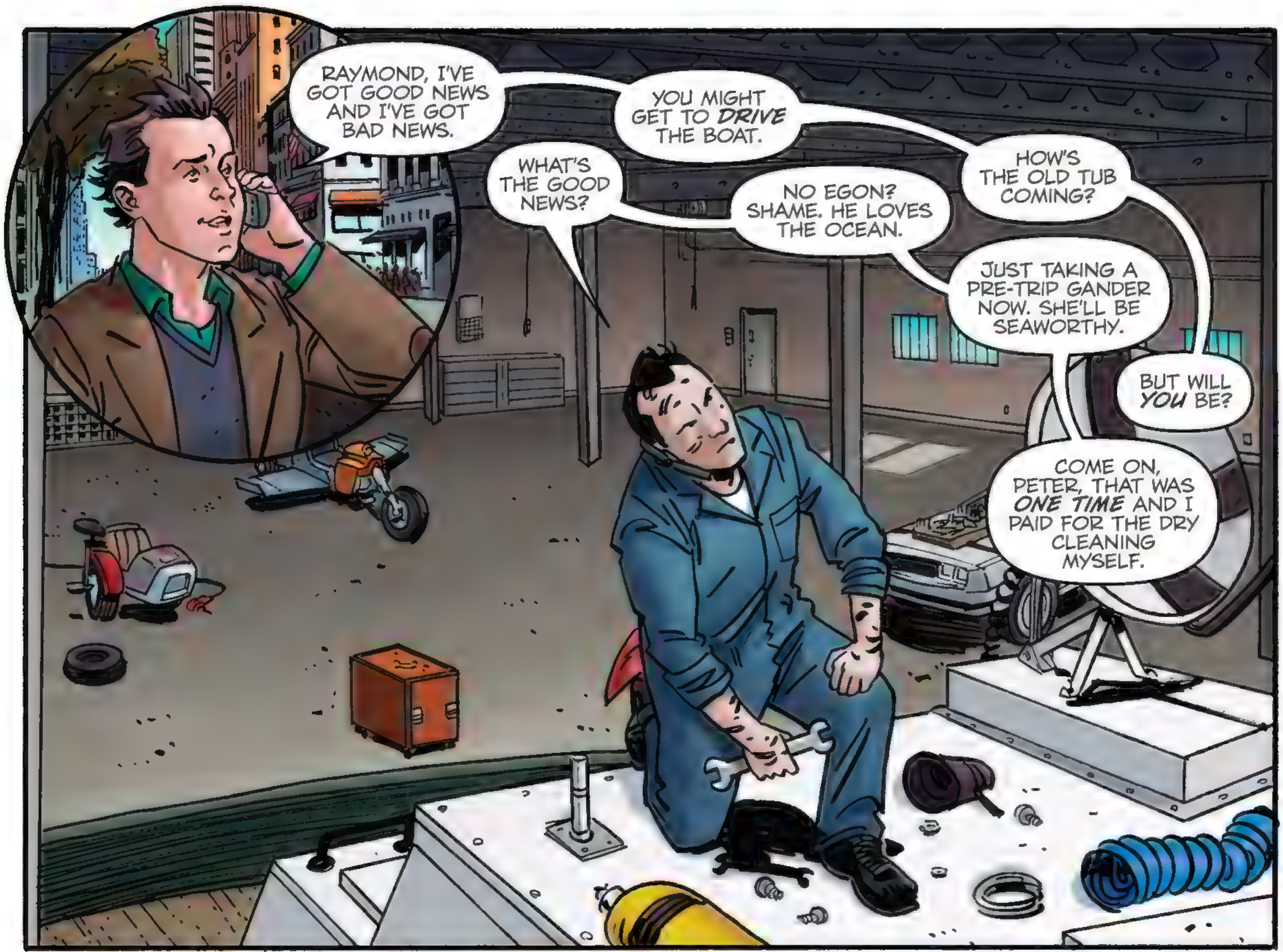
THE "GHOST SHIP" THAT'S BEEN SPOTTED NEAR MONTAUK. I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT IT HAS YET TO BE SEEN TO, AND I KNOW I'VE PASSED ALONG THE INFORMATION ALREADY.
PACIFIC
Busts Ghost-Ca

OH, THE THING. RIGHT.
YEAH, NO—THERE'S NOTHING MAJOR OUT THERE. RAY CHECKED WITH THE OTHER THING.
WHAT OTHER THING?
WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HE CHECKED WITH. LOOK, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE SPECIFICS.

THE ONLY SPECIFICS YOU SHOULD NEED IS THAT OUR GOVERNOR HAS NOT BEEN SATISFIED.
THERE ARE PILLS FOR THAT, YOU KNOW... NOT THAT I'VE EVER NEEDED ANY—
MISTER. VENKMAN.

OKAY, OKAY—I'LL TELL RAY TO SCRUB DOWN THE BOAT AND WE'LL GO TAKE A LOOK. BUT LET HIS EXCELLENCY KNOW THAT WE WILL BE BILLING THE STATE A SURCHARGE FOR NAUTICAL MILEAGE.
HELLO? HELLO.
HUH.

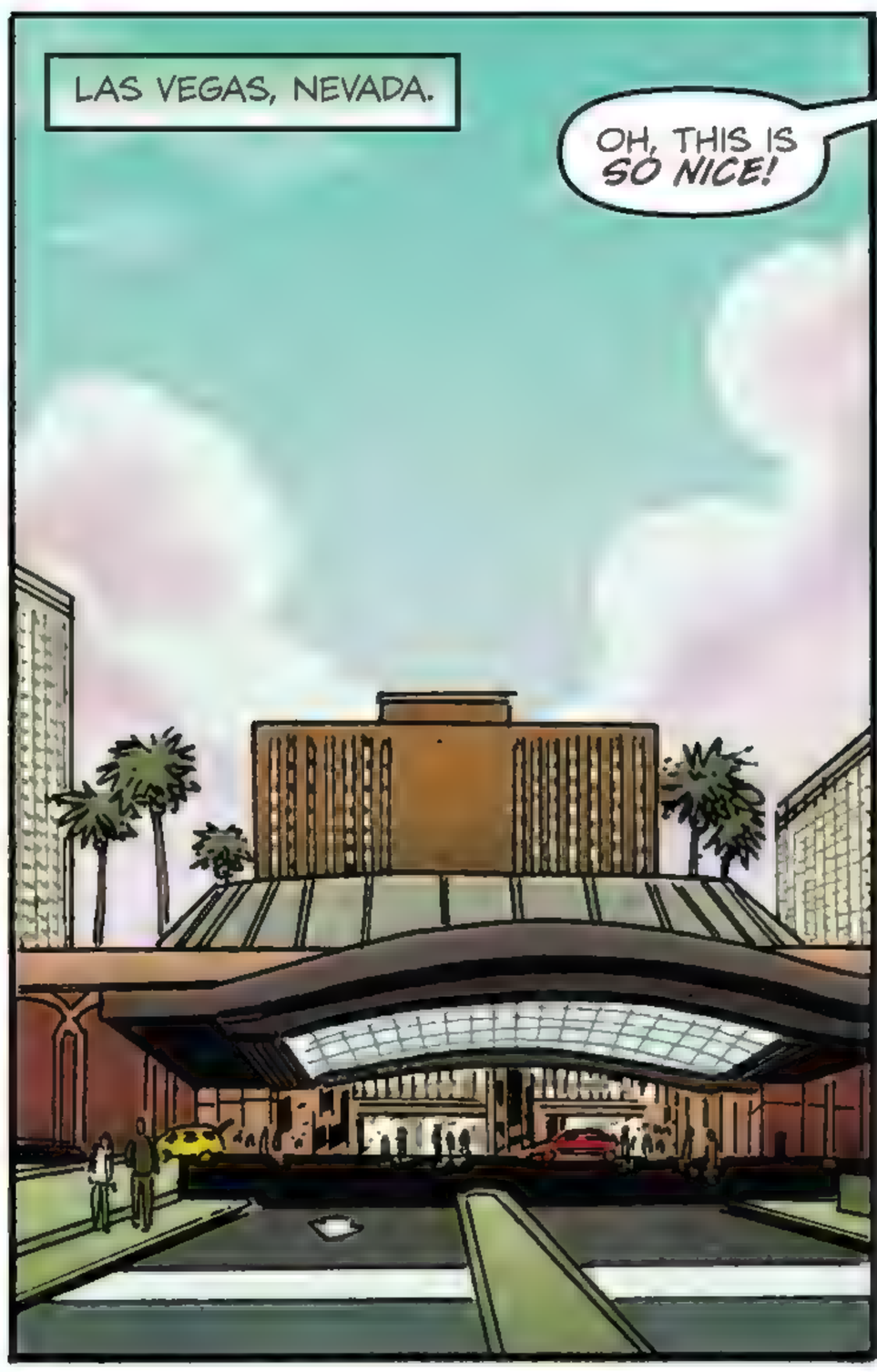
LATER.
C'MOOOON... IT COULD BE PIRATES. YOU LOVE PIRATES. OR, HEY, NAZIS. THERE WAS A NAZI SUB AROUND THERE, RIGHT? I THINK I READ THAT. YOU SHOULD COME.
U853 IS MILES AWAY, AND ITS SPECTRAL ACTIVITY IS DORMANT.
BESIDES, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING.
AND I'LL BET IT'S KINKY, BUT I STILL THINK YOU SHOULD COME ALONG. RAY MIGHT GET SEASICK AGAIN, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO DEAL WITH THAT.
DAMMIT, PETER, I SAID NO. I NEED TO GIVE MYSELF A THOROUGH CHECKING OVER! I HAVE HAD AN ORDEAL ON THE MENTAL PLANE!
SO, WHO HASN'T? C'MON, YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR DAYS.
OKAY, EGON, HAVE IT YOUR WAY. BUT REMEMBER...
...IT COULDA BEEN PIRATES.
JOHNSON 253½ ELM


RAYMOND, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS AND I'VE GOT BAD NEWS.
WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?
YOU MIGHT GET TO *DRIVE* THE BOAT.
NO EGON? SHAME. HE LOVES THE OCEAN.
HOW'S THE OLD TUB COMING?
JUST TAKING A PRE-TRIP GANDER NOW. SHE'LL BE SEAWORTHY.
BUT WILL *YOU* BE?
COME ON, PETER, THAT WAS *ONE TIME* AND I PAID FOR THE DRY CLEANING MYSELF.

YET THE *TRAUMA* REMAINS. DID YOU GET AHOLD OF WINSTON? I CAN'T REACH HIM.
HE DIDN'T *TELL* YOU?
DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT?
NO TURNS
ONE WAY

HE'S HEADING OUT OF TOWN. HE AND *TIYAH* ARE GOING TO BE IN—

—UH, IT SUDDENLY OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE WAS A *REASON* WINSTON DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO YOU.
WHY, RAY? *WHERE* DID THEY GO?

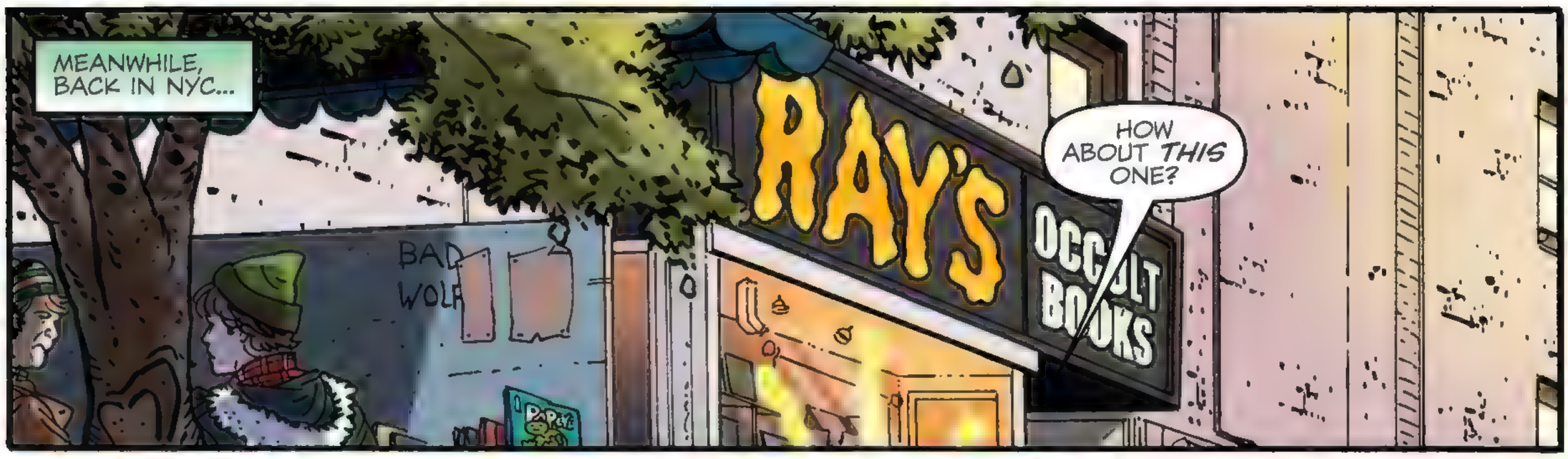

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.
OH, THIS IS SO NICE!

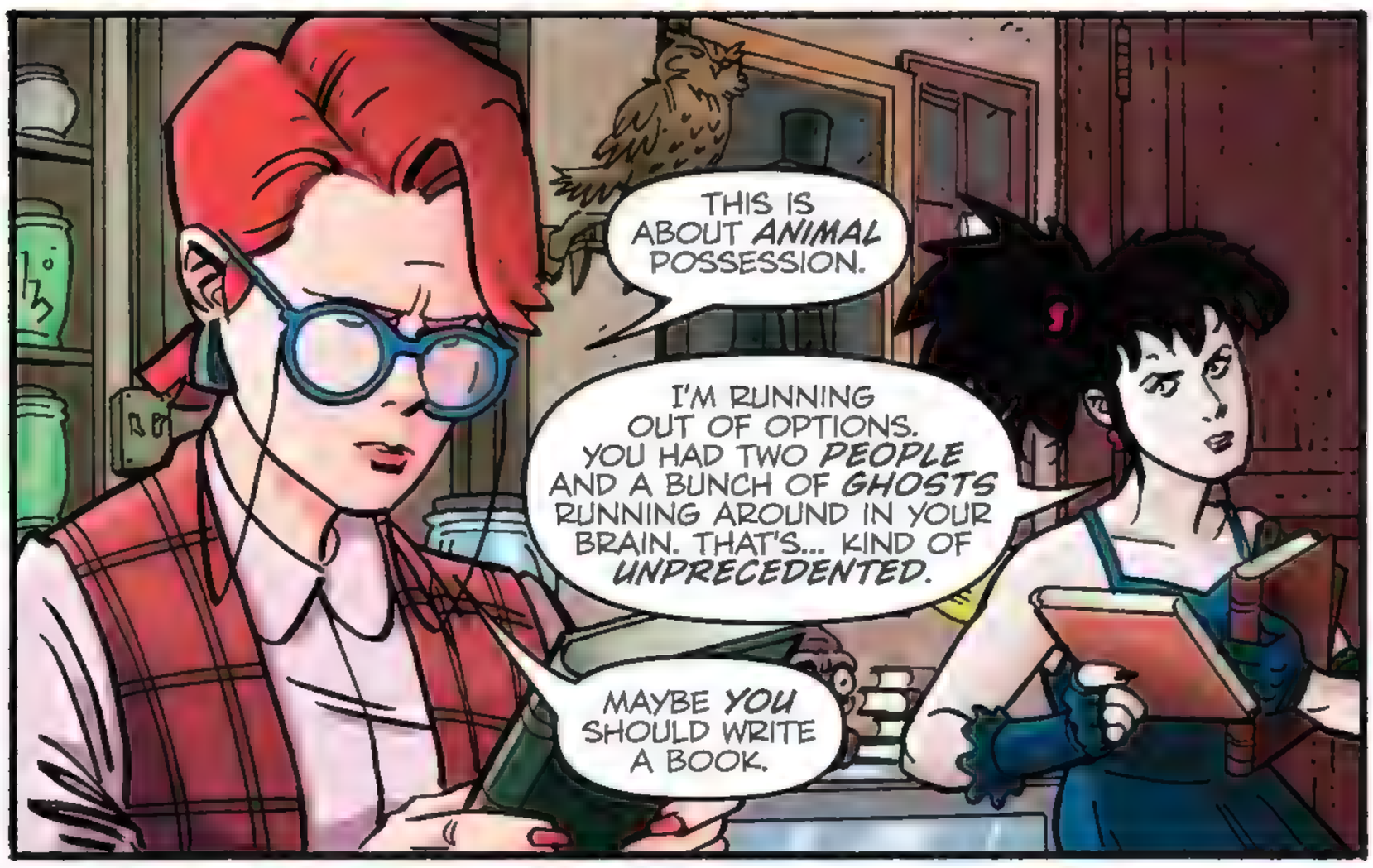
BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW, MISTER ZEDDEMORE, WE ARE NOT ELOPING THIS WEEKEND.
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ELOPING? THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TO DO IN VEGAS. A LITTLE GOLF, A LITTLE GAMBLING, MAYBE A SHOW...

WELL WHATEVER WE DO, I'M JUST GLAD WE'RE GETTING AWAY FROM THE CITY FOR A FEW DAYS.
NO GHOSTS AND NO GHOSTBUSTING...

...DOESN'T THAT SOUND GREAT?

SURE DOES...


MEANWHILE, BACK IN NYC...
RAY'S
OCCULT BOOKS
BAD WOLF
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?


THIS IS ABOUT ANIMAL POSSESSION.
I'M RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS. YOU HAD TWO PEOPLE AND A BUNCH OF GHOSTS RUNNING AROUND IN YOUR BRAIN. THAT'S... KIND OF UNPRECEDENTED.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD WRITE A BOOK.

HMM—

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.
FINE. HM. MAYBE WE COULD TRY TO LOOK IN THE SELF-HELP SECTION?

NO, THAT'S—WAIT, YOU HAVE A SELF-HELP SECTION?
SOME PEOPLE NEED IT AFTER THEY DEAL WITH THE SUPERNATURAL. DON'T JUDGE.
I'M NOT JUDGING, I—LOOK, I DON'T NEED A SELF-HELP BOOK, I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE NOTHING GOT LEFT BEHIND IN MY HEAD! I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME REALLY WEIRD DREAMS LATELY, ABOUT THIS FAT GUY IN THESE SUNGLASSES...
WEIRD DREAMS SOUND MORE LIKE A NATURAL PART OF THE COPING PROCESS.
HANG ON— CUSTOMER.
TINKLE TING

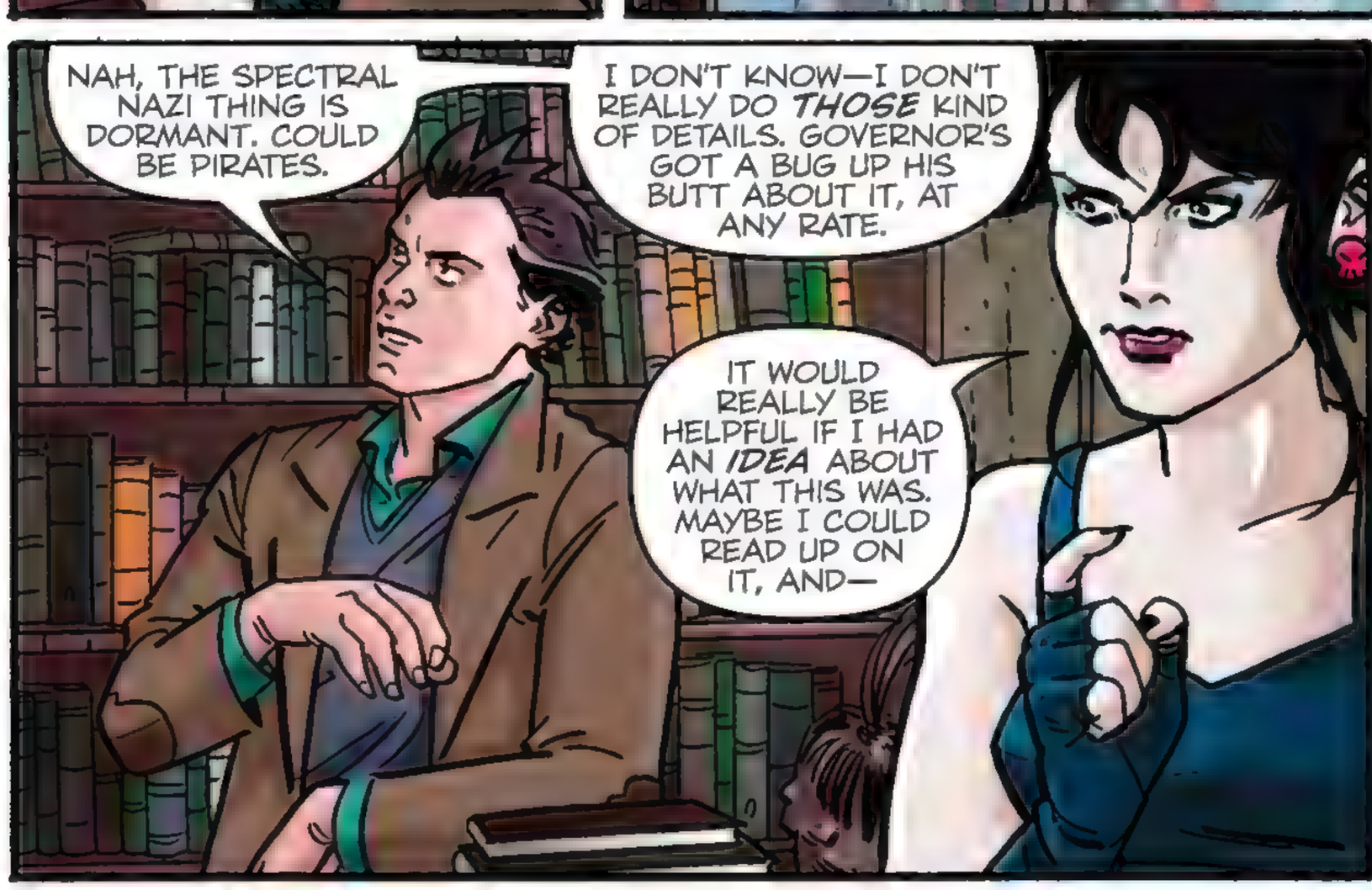
I STAND CORRECTED.
RAY'S NOT HERE, DR. VENKMAN!
I KNOW, KID, HE'S AT THE WAREHOUSE. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE. I ACTUALLY COULD USE SOME HELP WITH—

—WHY, HELLO, JANINE. ENJOYING YOUR UNPAID PERSONAL TIME?
THIS IS VACATION TIME.
EH, WE'LL AGREE TO DISAGREE. I KNOW WHAT THE PAPERWORK WILL SAY.
SO DO I.

IT'LL SAY SICK TIME AT BEST!

OH, LEAVE HER ALONE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU NEEDED HELP WITH.

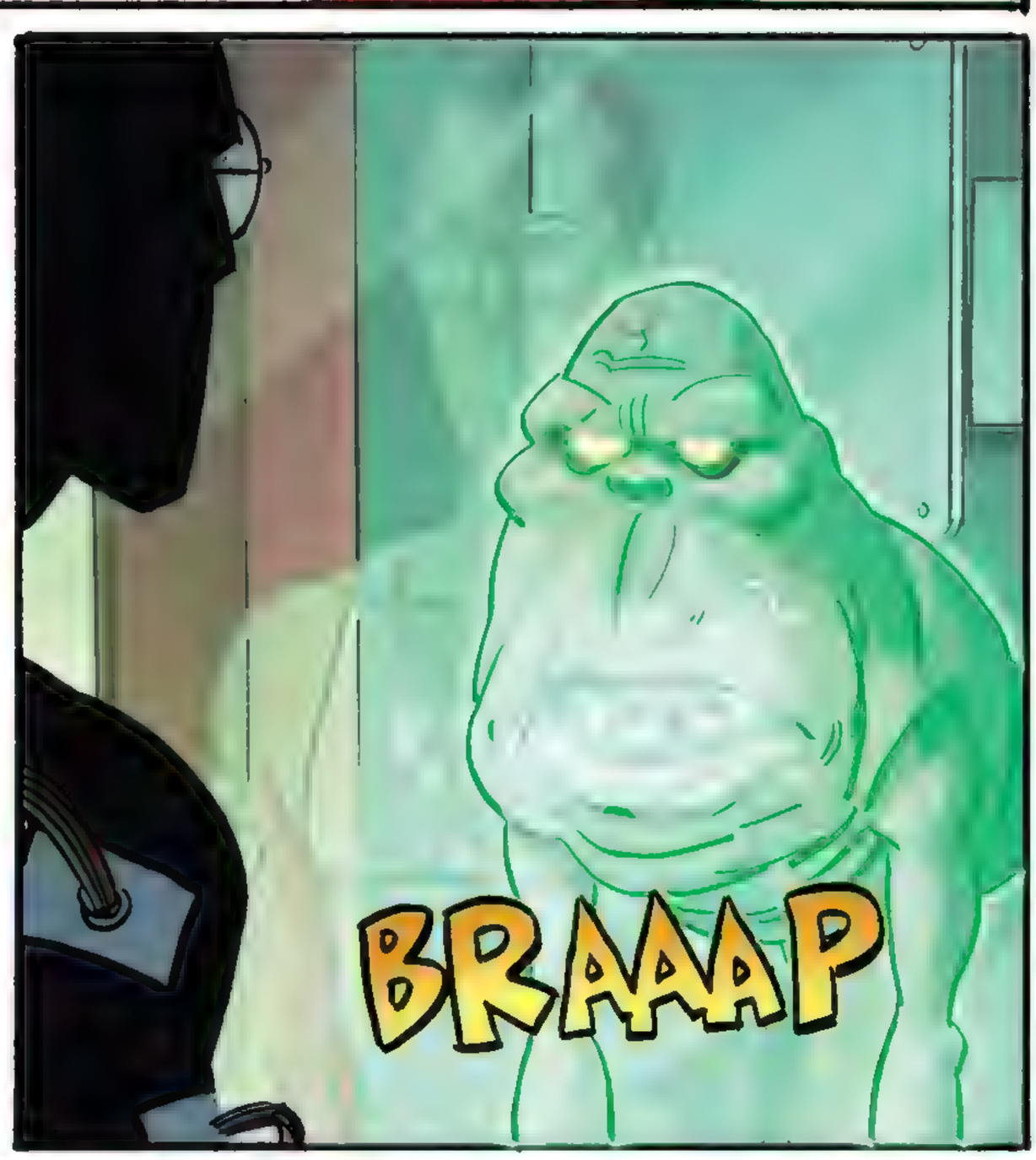
WE GOT A THING OUT ON LONG ISLAND. WELL, JUST SOUTH OF. RAY AND I COULD USE A HAND WITH THAT.
WHAT KIND OF A THING? PIRATES? NAZIS?


NAH, THE SPECTRAL NAZI THING IS DORMANT. COULD BE PIRATES.
I DON'T KNOW—I DON'T REALLY DO THOSE KIND OF DETAILS. GOVERNOR'S GOT A BUG UP HIS BUTT ABOUT IT, AT ANY RATE.
IT WOULD REALLY BE HELPFUL IF I HAD AN IDEA ABOUT WHAT THIS WAS. MAYBE I COULD READ UP ON IT, AND—

—Y'KNOW WHAT? SKIP IT, I'LL JUST CALL RAY AND ASK HIM...

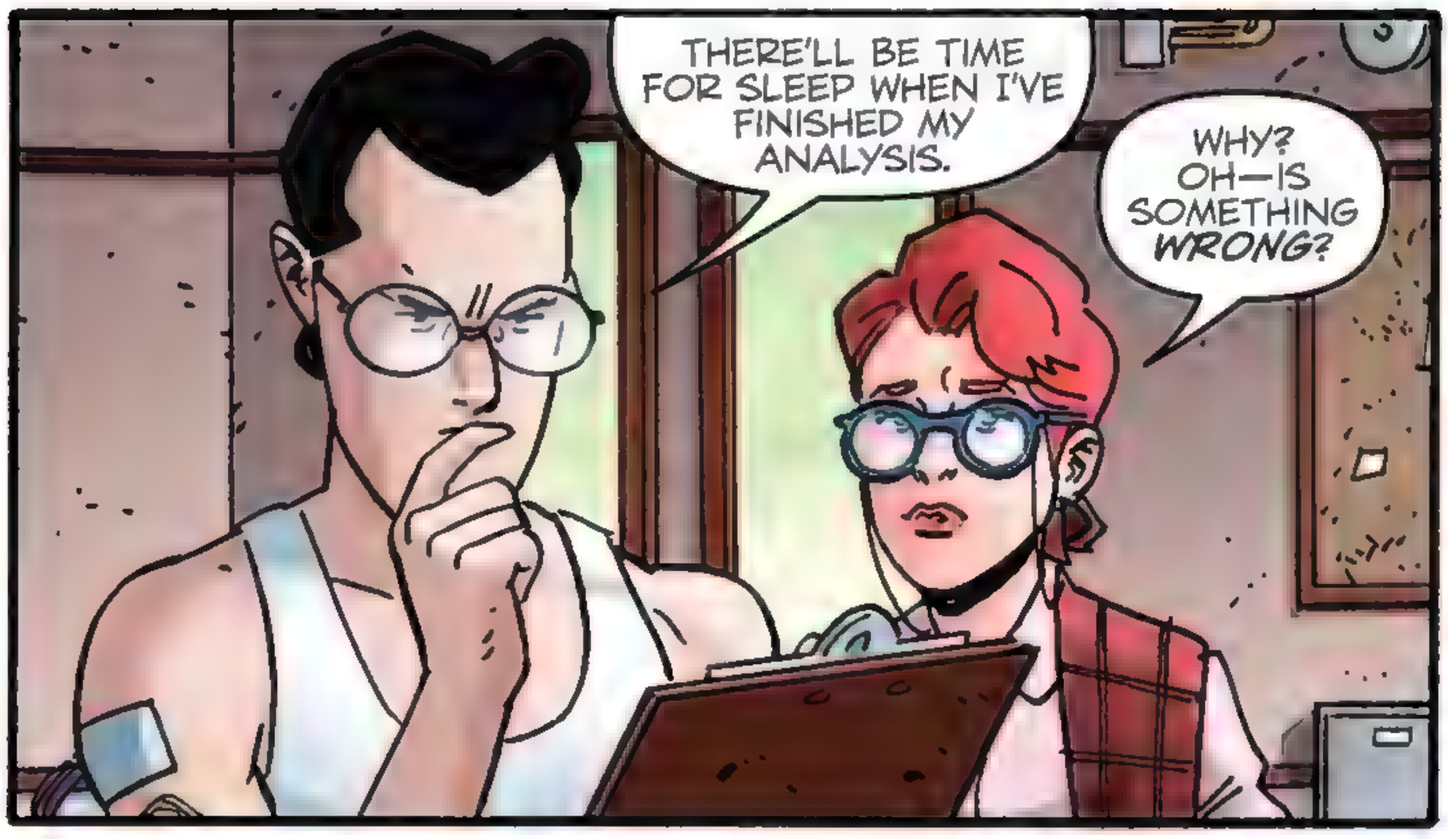
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

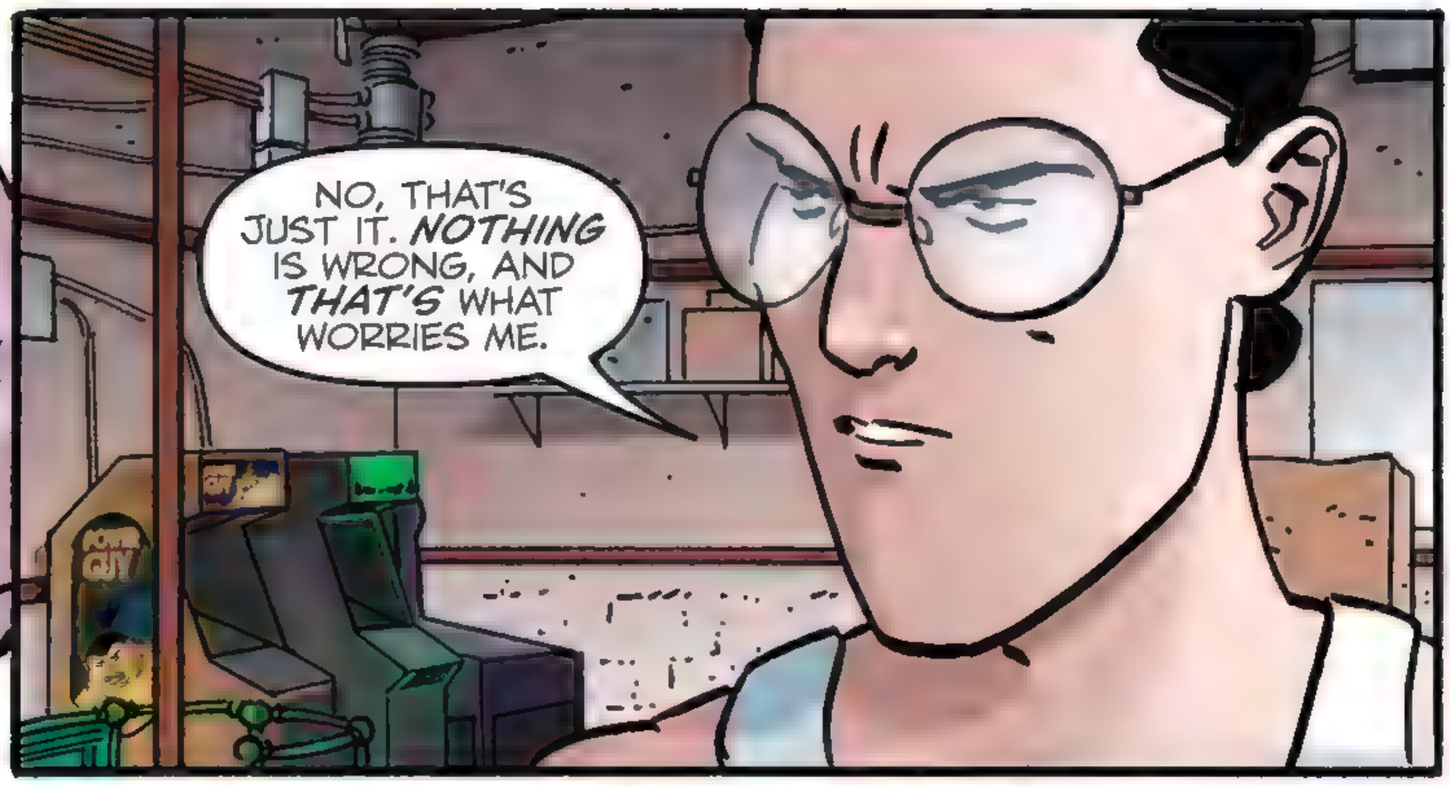
New York City
EVERY TEST I'VE TAKEN HAS INDICATED THAT I'M IN PERFECT HEALTH AND NOTHING IS OUT OF PLACE, BUT I STILL FEEL... OFF.
WHY?


BRAAAP

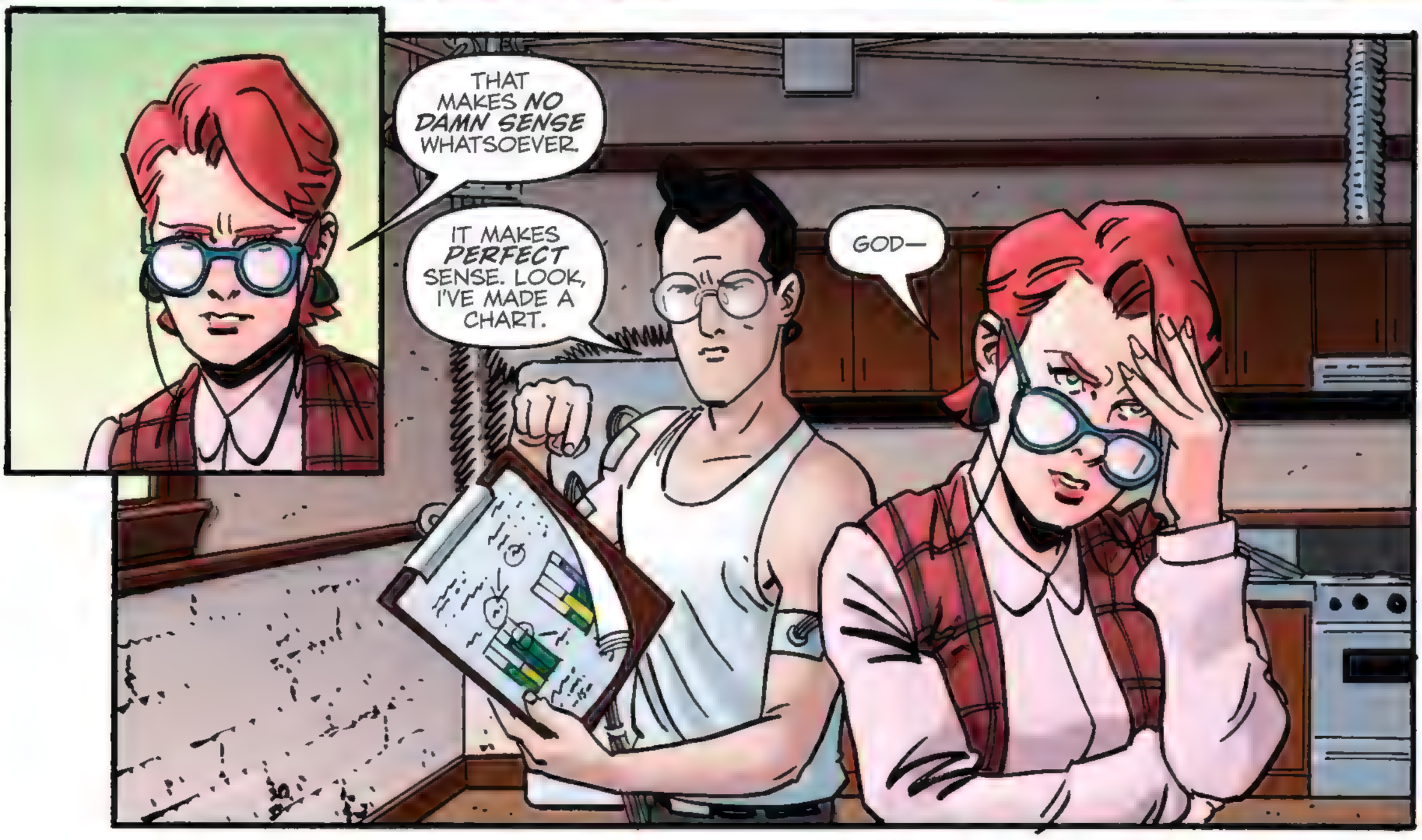
I CAN'T SUPPORT THAT THESIS. MAYBE VENKMAN WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU.
AND I THINK YOU MAYBE NEED TO GO LIE DOWN.

SERIOUSLY, THE PHRASE "VENKMAN WAS RIGHT" IS USUALLY THE *FIRST SIGN* OF DELIRIUM. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SLEPT?


THERE'LL BE TIME FOR SLEEP WHEN I'VE FINISHED MY ANALYSIS.
WHY? OH—IS SOMETHING *WRONG*?


NO, THAT'S JUST IT. *NOTHING* IS WRONG, AND *THAT'S* WHAT WORRIES ME.

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME. YOU SHOULD BE *HAPPY* ABOUT THAT.
I CAN'T BE HAPPY UNTIL I KNOW *WHY* NOTHING'S WRONG.


THAT MAKES *NO DAMN SENSE* WHATSOEVER.
IT MAKES *PERFECT* SENSE. LOOK, I'VE MADE A CHART.
GOD—

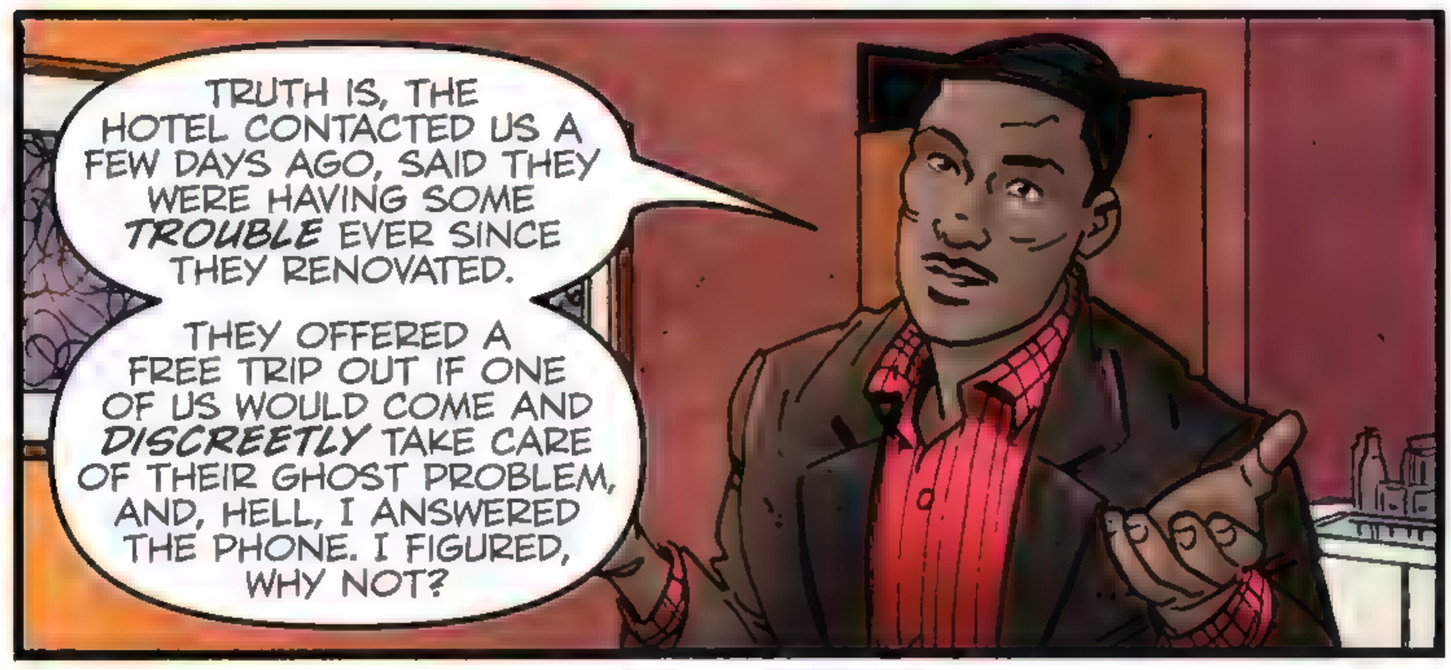
"—I WISH I WAS THE ONE IN VEGAS RIGHT NOW."
THIS IS WONDERFUL!

I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS VIEW!
MM-HMM.

HEY, NOW, LOOK AT THIS—MASSAGES. THAT SOUNDS REAL GOOD RIGHT ABOUT NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
I KNOW, RIGHT? THIS IS GOING TO BE—

—OH.

OKAY, DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME.
WHY DID YOU BRING THAT WITH YOU?


TRUTH IS, THE HOTEL CONTACTED US A FEW DAYS AGO, SAID THEY WERE HAVING SOME TROUBLE EVER SINCE THEY RENOVATED.
THEY OFFERED A FREE TRIP OUT IF ONE OF US WOULD COME AND DISCREETLY TAKE CARE OF THEIR GHOST PROBLEM, AND, HELL, I ANSWERED THE PHONE. I FIGURED, WHY NOT?

AND WHAT IF IT'S DANGEROUS?
NAH, THEY WERE ABLE TO KEEP IT QUIET FOR ALMOST A YEAR ON THEIR OWN—I TALKED TO RAY, AND HE THINKS IT'LL BE FINE. THESE GUYS JUST WANT IT TO STOP BOTHERING VIPS BEFORE THE PLACE GETS A REP.

YOU COULD'VE JUST TOLD ME, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW. BUT YOU SEEMED SO EXCITED ABOUT THE IDEA OF GETTING AWAY FROM EVERYTHING, I FIGURED I'D JUST PUT IT OFF...
DON'T BE STUPID.

I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT THE LIE, BUT I AM NOT GOING TO LET IT RUIN THE FIRST REAL VACATION I'VE HAD IN YEARS. IF YOU SAY THIS GHOST WILL BE EASY TO TAKE CARE OF, YOU GET IT OUT OF THE WAY NOW AND THEN WE CAN ENJOY OURSELVES...
MEANWHILE, I THINK A MASSAGE DOES SOUND GOOD. I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

HUH.

LET'S GO, KID. WE'RE ON THE CLOCK.
AND I'D ALSO LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR TAKING AN HOUR TO MAKE THOSE PHOTOCOPIES WHILE THE CAB WAITED. THAT'S COMING OUT OF YOUR END.
WELL, I'M NOT ABOUT TO BRING ANY RARE BOOKS ONTO A BOAT.

FINE, WHATEVER. WAIT—BEFORE WE GO IN THERE, I HAVE TO KNOW... DO YOU GET SEASICK? NO? GOOD. YOU SIT NEXT TO RAY.
NO TRESPASSING

THERE YOU ARE, PETER! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
YOUR PROTEGÉ WANTED TO BRING SOME PAPERWORK.

THOROUGHNESS IS NOT SOMETHING TO MOCK, PETER.
NOW, LET'S GET A MOVE ON—IT'S A SHORT HOP TO THE LAUNCH, BUT A LONG HAUL TO THE SITE. I'VE GOT SOME FRESH JUMPSUITS AND GEAR ALL PACKED AND ON THE BOAT, SO WE SHOULD BE ALL SET.

BEFORE WE GO, I HAVE TO ASK—WHY DO YOU GUYS KEEP THE BOAT IN DRY STORAGE?
GO AHEAD, RAY. TELL HER.
IT, AH... IT SCARES THE FISH.
洛阿車
LAOCHE

IT SCARES THE FISH. I LOVE THAT.
OKAY, LET'S ROLL.

ELSEWHERE...

OKAY, LET'S SEE...
...YOU WOULD HAVE TO HIDE OUT IN THE BASEMENT, WOULDN'T YOU?
AT LEAST THEY'RE BRIGHTER OUT HERE THAN THE ONES IN NEW YORK.

CHOOM
^%$#. SMOOTH MOVE, ZEDDEMORE.

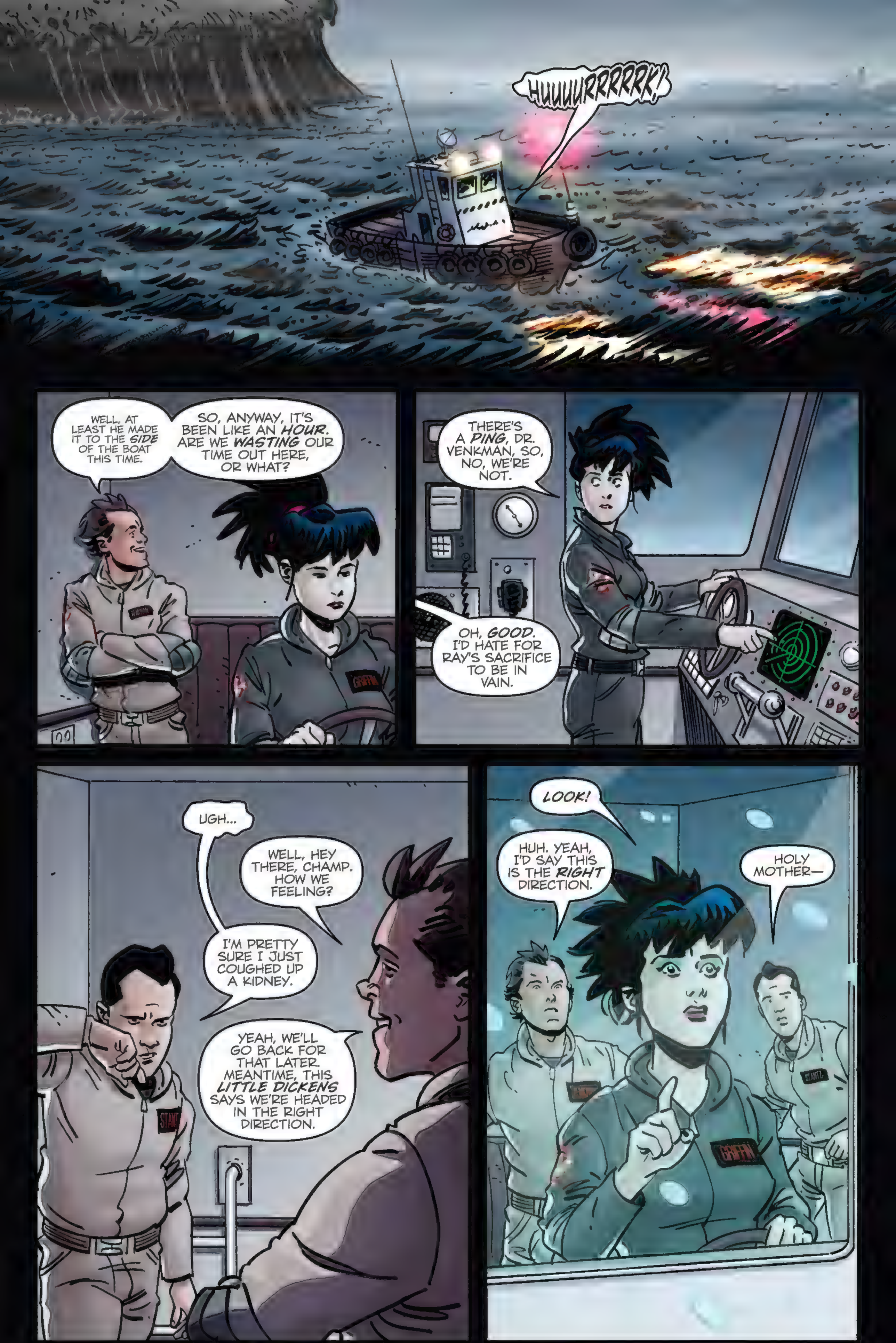
WELL, AT LEAST I CAME PREPARE—WHERE'S MY FLASHLIGHT?

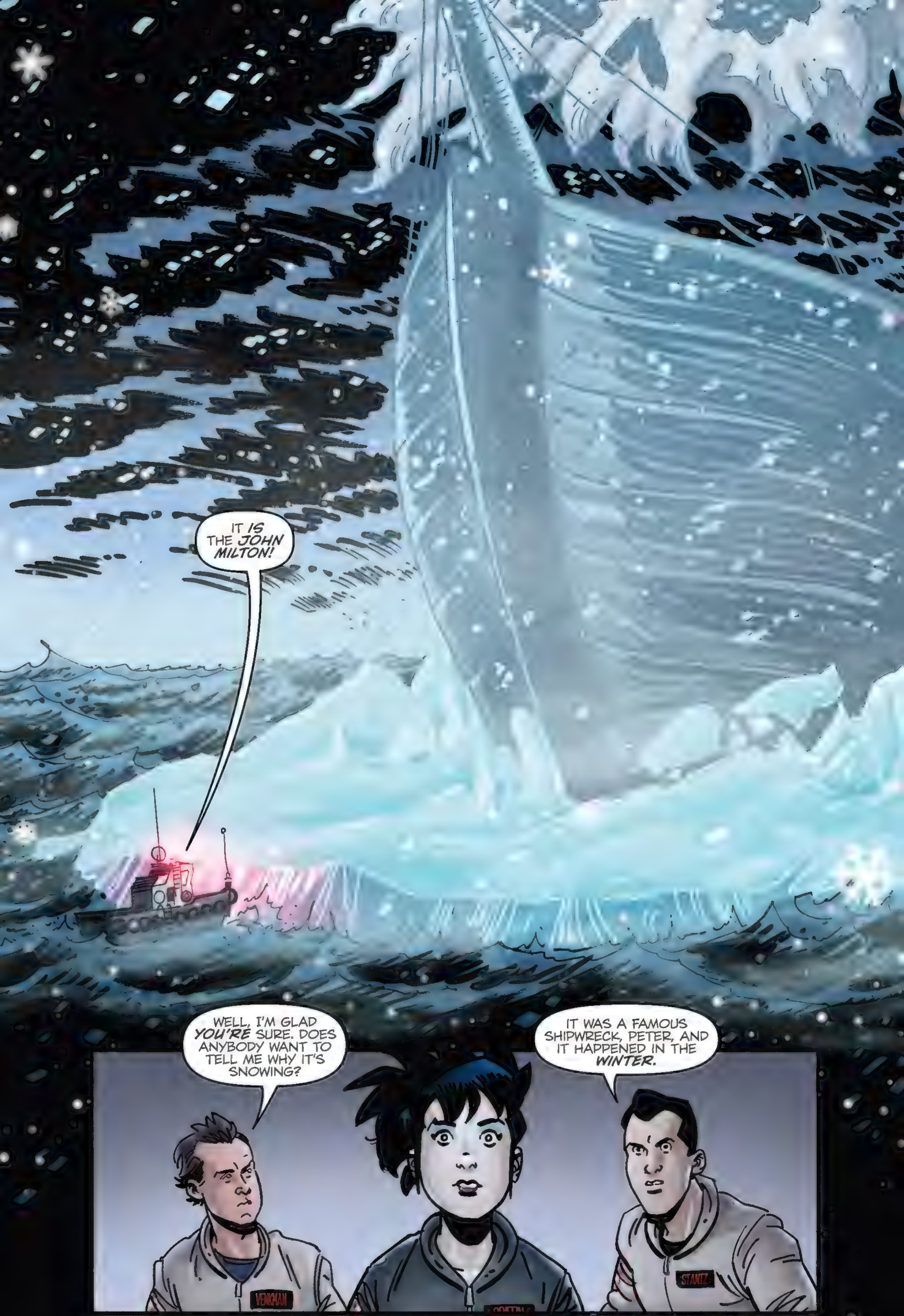
KLIK
MAN.

GEEZ!

FZZZZHAK

MAN, THIS THING IS GONNA BE A *PAIN*.


HUUUURRRRRRK!
WELL, AT LEAST HE MADE IT TO THE SIDE OF THE BOAT THIS TIME.
SO, ANYWAY, IT'S BEEN LIKE AN HOUR. ARE WE WASTING OUR TIME OUT HERE, OR WHAT?
THERE'S A PING, DR. VENKMAN, SO, NO, WE'RE NOT.
OH, GOOD. I'D HATE FOR RAY'S SACRIFICE TO BE IN VAIN.
UGH...
WELL, HEY THERE, CHAMP. HOW WE FEELING?
I'M PRETTY SURE I JUST COUGHED UP A KIDNEY.
YEAH, WE'LL GO BACK FOR THAT LATER. MEANTIME, THIS LITTLE DICKENS SAYS WE'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
LOOK!
HUH. YEAH, I'D SAY THIS IS THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
HOLY MOTHER—


IT IS THE JOHN MILTON!
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE SURE. DOES ANYBODY WANT TO TELL ME WHY IT'S SNOWING?
IT WAS A FAMOUS SHIPWRECK, PETER, AND IT HAPPENED IN THE WINTER.
VENKMAN
STANTZ

IT WAS CAUGHT IN A STORM COMING BACK FROM THE *CHINCHA ISLANDS*...

"...GENERAL SPECULATION IS THAT THE CAPTAIN ***MISIDENTIFIED*** A LIGHTHOUSE, WHICH CAUSED HIM TO TAKE THE SHIP THE WRONG WAY AND RUN IT AGROUND. IT SANK AND KILLED ***EVERYONE*** ON BOARD.

"MOST OF THE ***FROSTBITTEN*** BODIES OF THE CREW WASHED UP ON SHORE NOT LONG AFTER."

SEEMS SOLID ENOUGH. LET'S GO CHECK THIS THING OUT.
TAP
TAP

FOR THE RECORD, I THINK THIS IS A VERY BAD IDEA.

ANYBODY GOT ANY IDEAS ON HOW WE BOARD?
HUH. DOES ANYONE HAVE A GRENADE?

GRENADES? MAYBE EGON SHOULD BE TESTED FOR PATERNITY.
HEH.
NEVER MIND, I THINK I GOT IT FIGURED.

SPRAZZZAK

I'M GETTING A PRETTY GOOD *SIGNAL* HERE...
YEAH, WELL, THE *WHOLE SHIP* IS ACTIVE. THAT'S NOT GONNA HELP YOU ANY.

I'M GETTING ONE OF THOSE "WE SHOULD MAYBE HAVE COME UP WITH A BETTER PLAN" FEELINGS HERE, RAY.

LEEAAVE
OH, FOR...

WE'RE *NOT* GOING ANYWHERE, DO YOU HEAR?! WE'RE NOT LEAVING! WE'RE THE *GHOSTBUSTERS*, AND WE'RE GOING TO—
GREAAAK

OH, GREAT. LIMBS.
CREEEEEEAAAAK
OKAY, KIDDO, HOW 'BOUT YOU JUST DON'T TALK ANYMORE.
PETER, THIS COULD BE BAD.
YOU EITHER, RAY.

"YOU ARE STARTING TO GET ON MY *NERVES*, MAN!"
4

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *EASY!* Y'KNOW, A VACATION! YOU REMEMBER THOSE, RIGHT? THEY *DON'T* INVOLVE THIS MUCH *WORK!*

AW, MAN... HE'S GOING PUBLIC.
2nd FLOOR

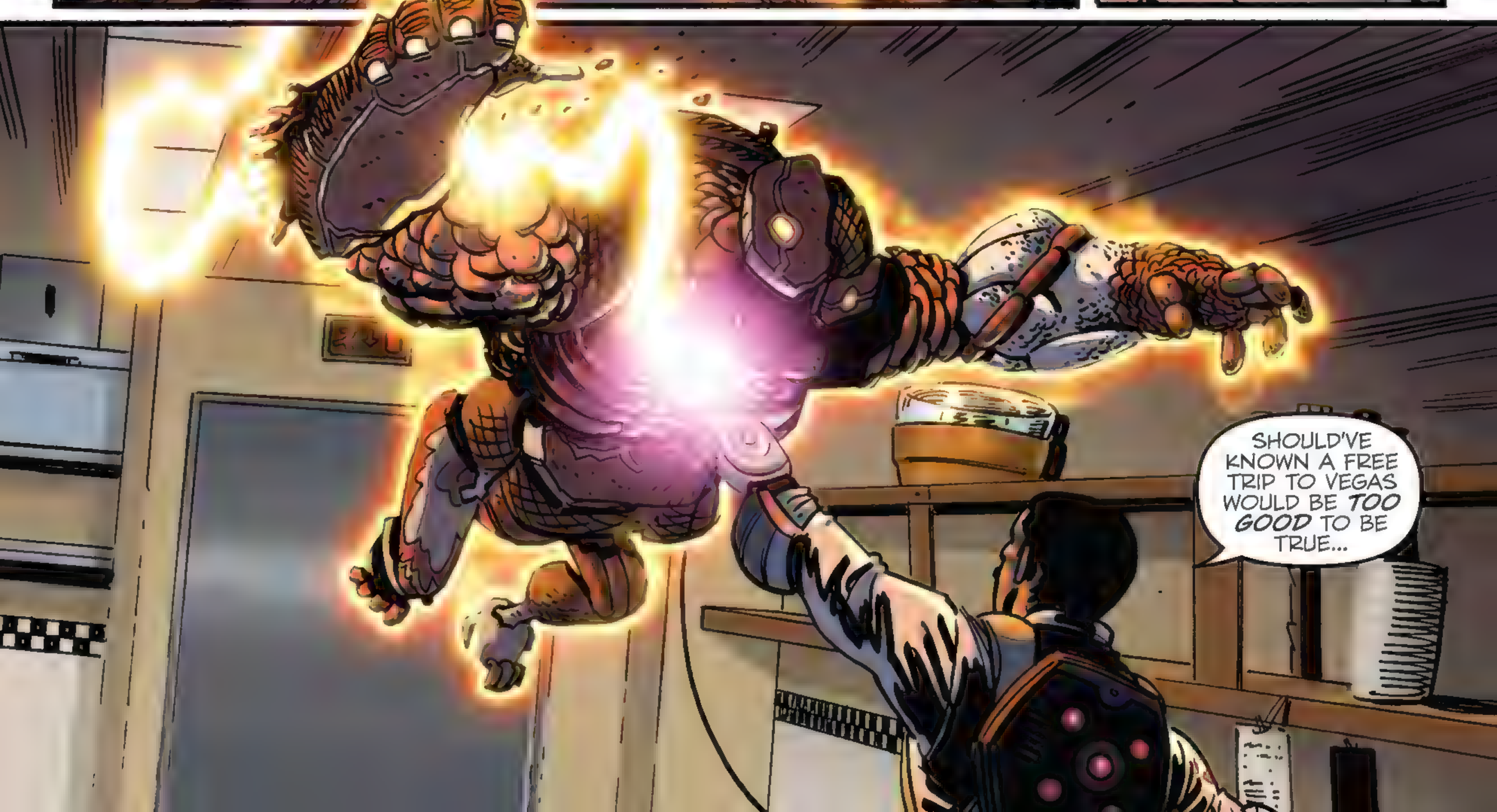
STILL, IT'S ONLY THE SECOND FLOOR. COULD BE WORSE—

KITCHE
DAMMIT! I JINXED MYSELF.

MAN, THIS IS *DEFINITELY* STARTING TO LOOK LIKE I GOT THE RAW END OF THE DEAL.

HRRONK

AND IT IS DEFINITELY *NOT* GOING TO BE DISCREET.
ZEDEMO


SHOULD'VE KNOWN A FREE TRIP TO VEGAS WOULD BE *TOO GOOD* TO BE TRUE...

OKAY, LET'S JUST TAKE A SECOND TO THINK ABOUT THIS.

OPTION ONE: WHAT IF WE JUST POPPED SOME TRAPS?
NO GOOD. WAY TOO MUCH SPECTRAL ENERGY RIGHT NOW—WE'D SHORT THEM OUT.
WELL, I'M SURE GLAD WE CAME ABOARD, THEN.
I'M SORRY, OKAY? I—

OH, SCREW THIS.
NO, WAIT!
SHZZAK

TOOM
AAAHHHHH!

YOU SHOOT AT THE *FLOOR*? WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING*?

WE ARE ON A BOAT!

OH, SO WHAT? WORST CASE SCENARIO, WE MIGHT GET *WET*.

BESIDES, EARLIER READINGS GAVE A GOOD CHANCE THAT THE BOAT WAS BIGGER THAN IT LOOKED.

WELL, DON'T JUST *SPRING* THAT ON A GUY!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, KYLIE. GOOD WORK.

MAN, LOOK AT THIS PLACE. IT'S *INCREDIBLE*.

I MEAN, I'VE SEEN *MASSIVE EXTRADIMENSIONAL EXPANSION* BEFORE, BUT THIS IS—IT'S...

IT'S A *WINTER WONDERLAND*, RAY. WE GOT IT. BUT I'M NEEDING LESS AWE AND MORE PLAN RIGHT NOW.

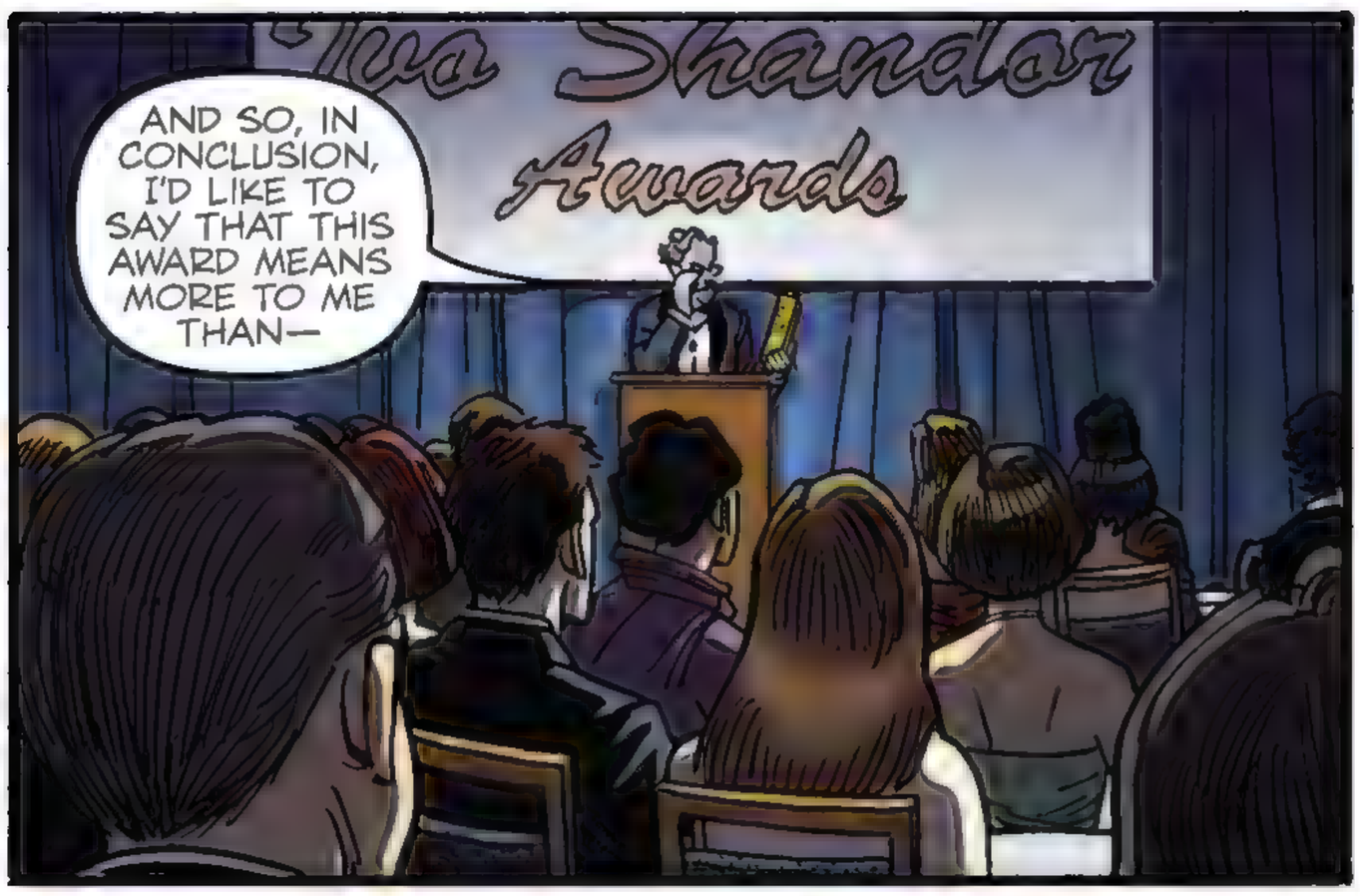
GOT A TOTALLY DIFFERENT READING DOWN HERE, TOO, BOSS.

DAMMIT, RAY, IF WE'RE STUCK IN ANOTHER DIMENSION AGAIN, I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU SUCH A PINCH...

IT'S NOT A DIFFERENT DIMENS—

LEAVE NOW

UH... DOES HE KNOW THAT WE CAN'T?
DON'T LOOK AT ME, KID—*I'M* NOT THE ONE WHO *BLASTED THE FLOOR.*


Ava Shandar Awards
AND SO, IN CONCLUSION, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT THIS AWARD MEANS MORE TO ME THAN—

KTOOM
WHAT WAS THAT?!

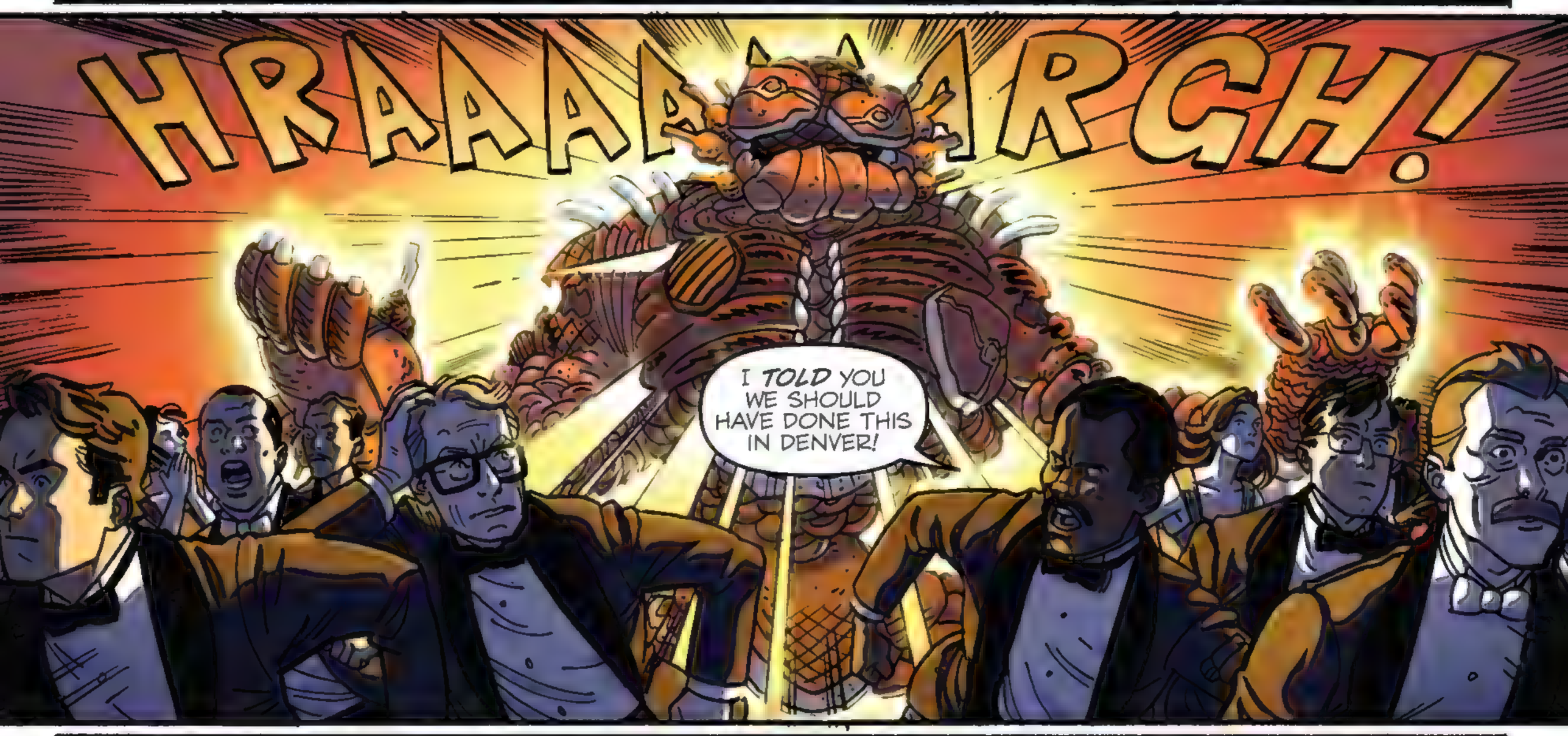
CHOOM

UH, DON'T PANIC, EVERYONE...

WOW, ARE WE GETTING A FLOOR SHOW?

SKRAAAAAP

THIS IS NOT A FLOOR SHOW, PEOPLE!
C'MON, NOW... GET OUT OF HERE!


HRAAAARCH!
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS IN DENVER!

OKAY, PAL... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN. TIME TO—
CLICK

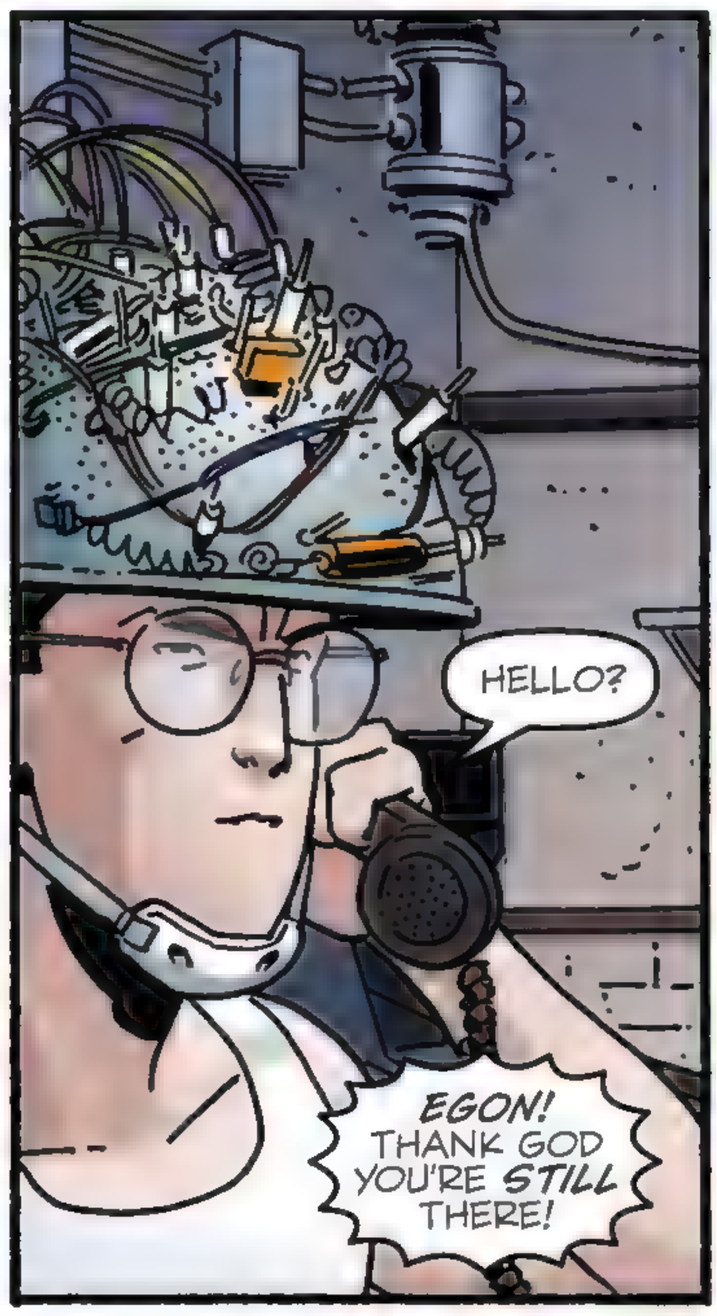
UH-OH.

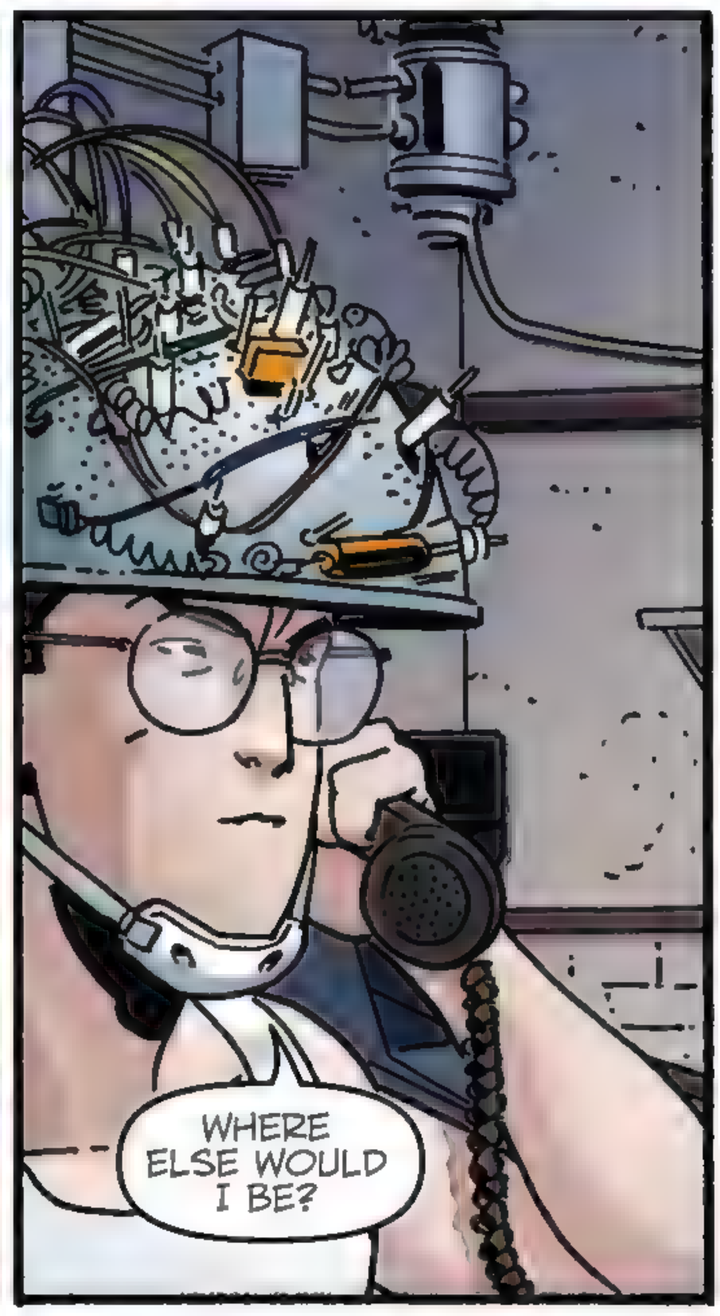
MEANWHILE, BACK IN NYC...
I KNEW IT!

THERE, DO YOU SEE IT? A GAMMA WAVE VARIANCE OF .00076%. I FINALLY HAVE PROOF—
—MY PERCEPTIONS WERE MIS-CALIBRATED UPON RETURN TO MY NATURAL FORM.

CLEARLY, I'LL NEED TO CORROBORATE THAT, BUT...
RING

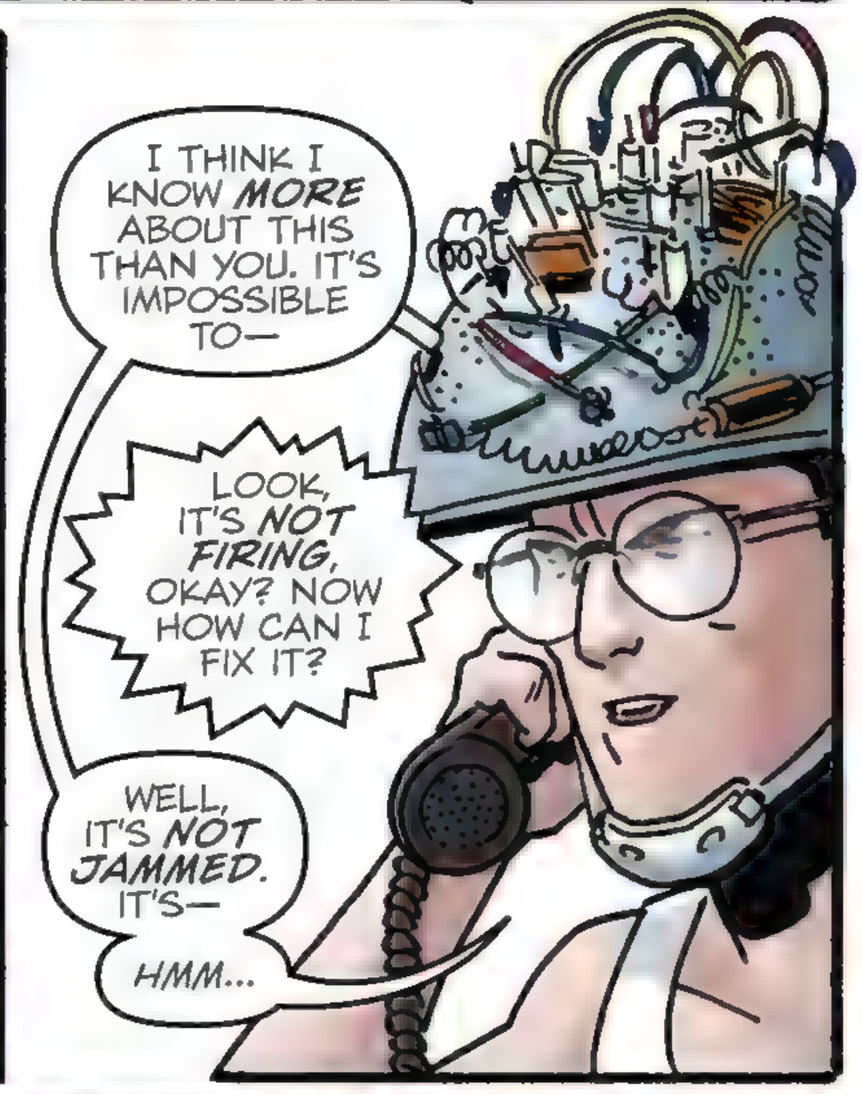
RING
RING


HELLO?
EGON! THANK GOD YOU'RE STILL THERE!

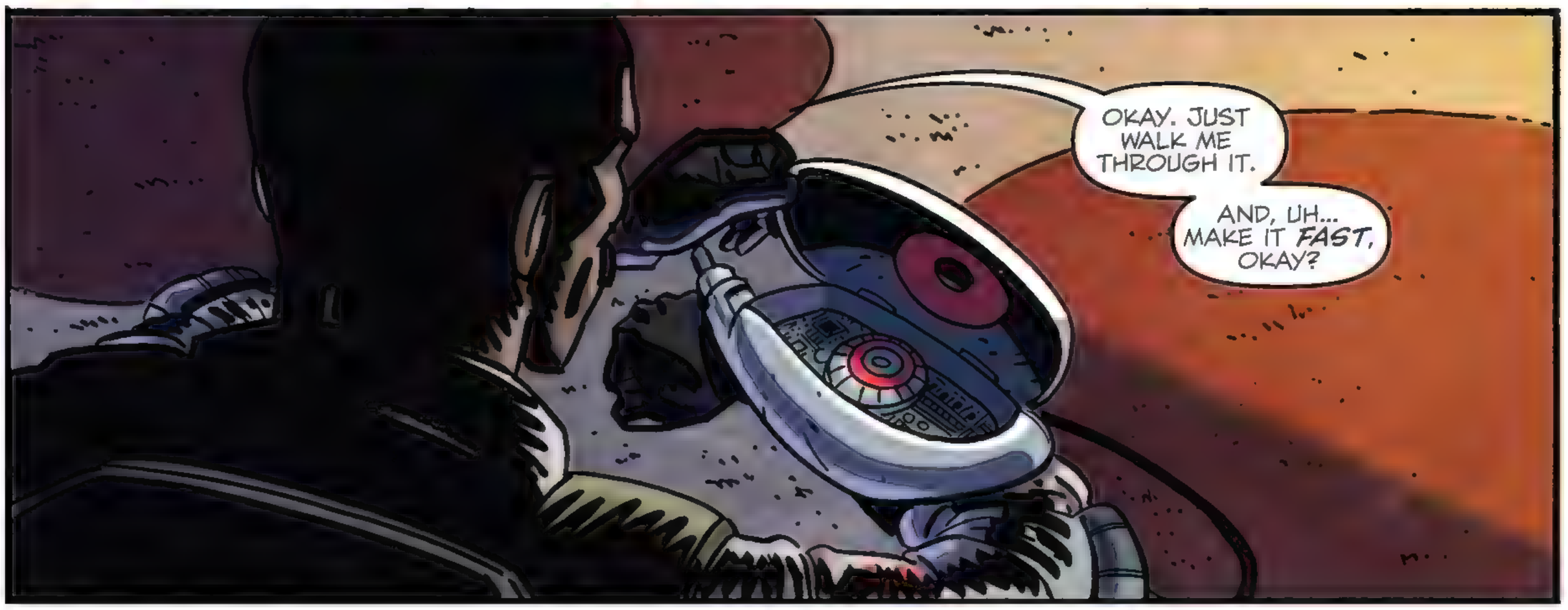

WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE?

GRAOOOPONK
OKAY, WHATEVER.
LOOK, I GOT A QUESTION ABOUT THAT COMPACT PACK I BROUGHT OUT TO VEGAS.
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

A GHOST RAY SAID WOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE POSSESSED A KITCHEN FULL OF MEAT. IT'S CHASING ME AND THIS %$#@¢* PACK IS JAMMED.
THEY DON'T JAM.
TRUST ME, IT'S JAMMED.


I THINK I KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS THAN YOU. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO—
LOOK, IT'S NOT FIRING, OKAY? NOW HOW CAN I FIX IT?
WELL, IT'S NOT JAMMED. IT'S—
HMM...

WHAT'S THAT?
WHAM


OKAY. JUST WALK ME THROUGH IT.
AND, UH... MAKE IT FAST, OKAY?

LEEEEEEEEAVE!

LEEEEEEEEAVE!
HE'S REALLY STUCK ON THAT.
YEAH, THIS ONE'S GOT ISSUES. HE GONNA TAKE THE BOAT WITH HIM IF WE BLAST HIM, RAY?
PROBABLY. AT LEAST SO LONG AS HE'S A *PART* OF IT.

SO, WE NEED TO DRAW HIM OUT, RIGHT? I'M SO GLAD I HAD YOU DO THAT RESEARCH BEFORE WE LEFT.
GRRR...
OH, DON'T BE MODEST. I'M SURE YOU GOT *SOMETHING* FROM ALL THAT READING THAT WILL HELP US. YOU MAY NOW SHARE.

I, WELL—THE CAPTAIN'S SON, FRANCIS, WAS ONE OF THE *BODIES* THAT WAS NEVER RECOVERED AND LAID TO REST.
THAT'D BE A GOOD REASON FOR A HAUNTING... BUT THEY USUALLY NEED A TRIGGER TO GO THIS *BIG*, RIGHT, BOSS?

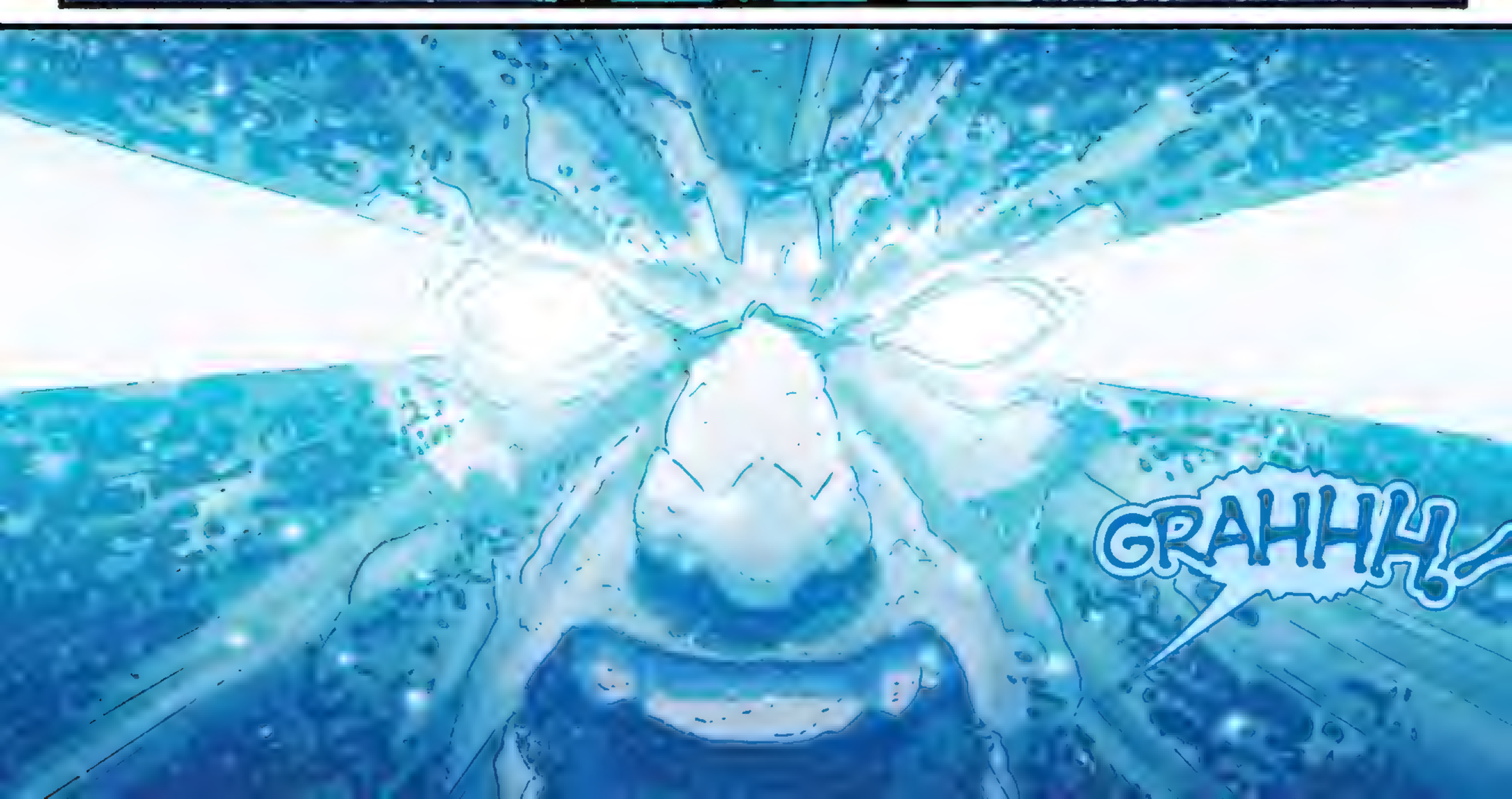
SOMETIMES. ANNIVERSARIES CAN SPUR A RESTLESS SPIRIT TO ACTION. SO CAN BEING POKED WITH A METAPHORICAL STICK, SUCH AS WITH A SIMILAR ACCIDENT NEARBY, OR A—

—OR A RIPPLE IN THE DIMENSIONAL FABRIC.

"A RIPPLE IN THE DIMENSIONAL FABRIC?"
OUR ESCAPE FROM THE OTHER DIMENSION COULD HAVE SENT OUT, Y'KNOW, RIPPLES. STIRRED THINGS UP IN THE PSYCHOKINETIC MUCK OF THE WORLD.
AND THIS WOULD BE A SMALL RIPPLE, OR A BIG ONE?

LEEAVE
UH... I COULDN'T SAY.

OH, FOR—JUST LIKE A TEENAGER, EXPECTING EVERYONE TO LEAVE HIM ALONE WHEN HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS!
WELL I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, BUDDY—THIS IS A BUSY OCEAN, BOATS GOT PLACES TO GET, AND YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET YOUR WAY... SO LIGHTEN UP, FRANCIS, WOULD YA?!


GRAHHH!

LOOK OUT!
THWAW
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO ANTAGONIZE THEM?
BECAUSE IT'S *FUN*, RAY.
AND NOW FOR A REAL QUESTION: WHAT HAPPENS IF WE REALLY OPEN UP IN HERE? DO WE BRING THE ATLANTIC DOWN ON OUR HEADS, OR—
I... I REALLY DON'T *KNOW*, PETER.
I HATE YOU, RAY.
CREEEAAKKKKKKRUMMMBLE
KRACK
HEY, LOOK AT *THAT*, RAY.
HE'S *NO LONGER* PART OF THE *BOAT*.

HEY, SO HE'S NOT!
LET'S TAKE FRANCIS DOWN A PEG OR TWO!
SHZZAK
SHZZAK
SHZUNK
SHZKO
HROOAAAARGH-
ZJART
IS THAT IT? DID WE—
HEY! HE'S RUNNING!

HAH! GOT 'IM, BOSS!
SHZZAPX

FINE WORK, FINE WORK! LOOK AT 'IM–HE'S A SQUIRMER!
TNK

THAK-CLK

HEY, WAITAMINNIT! RAY!
RAY!
WOOOOOOP

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PETER?
FSSSS CRKLE

YOU JUST TRAPPED THE GHOST THAT'S MAKING THE BOAT. TYPICALLY, THAT WOULD MAKE THE BOAT GO AWAY. WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK THIS THROUGH?
...
BUT IT WAS YOUR IDEA.
STANT

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK MY IDEA THROUGH?
SWAK

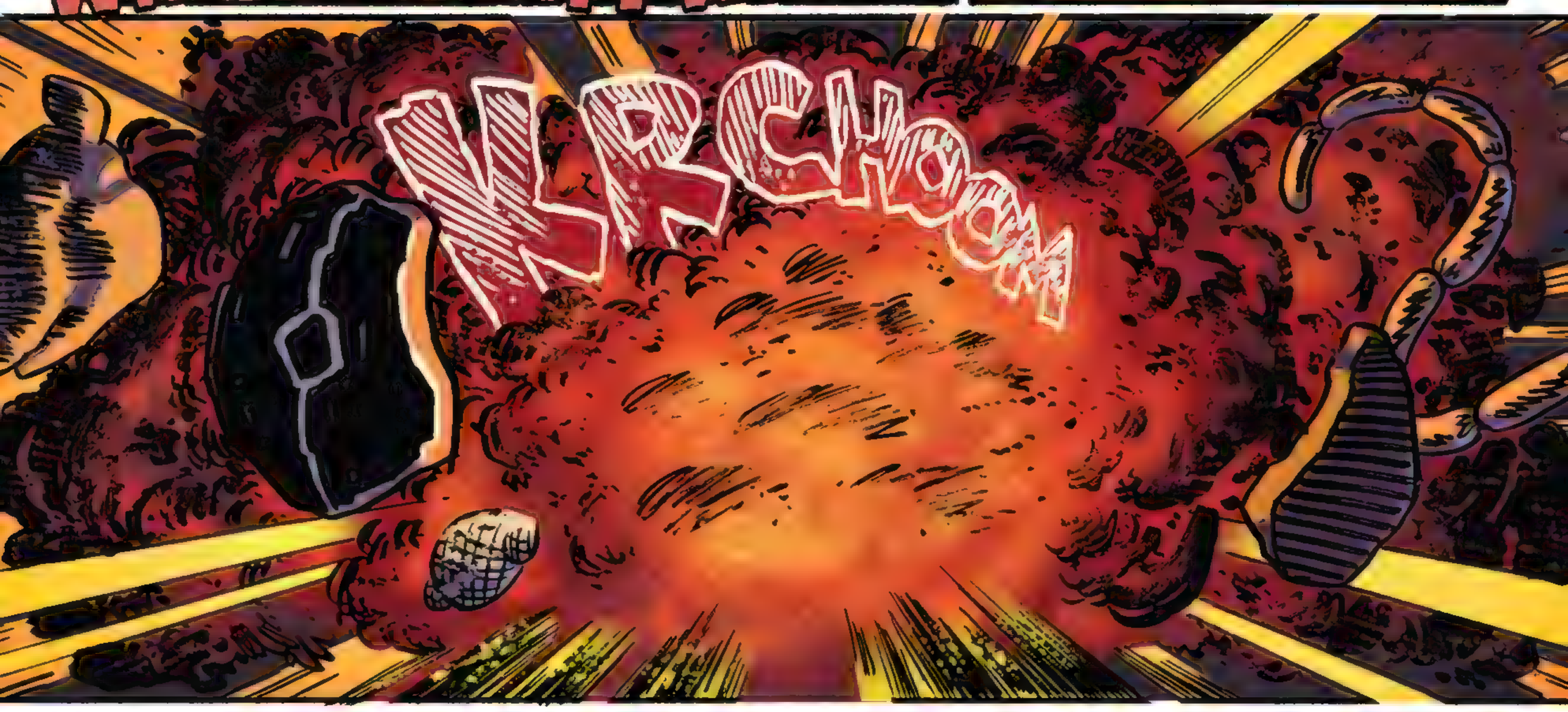
THIS KID IS REALLY HANGING ON. WHATEVER HE'S AFTER, THE TRAP ISN'T SEVERING THE CONNECTION TO HIS CONSTRUCT HERE.
WELL, TEENAGERS ARE STUBBORN. I'LL BET HE'S... HMM.

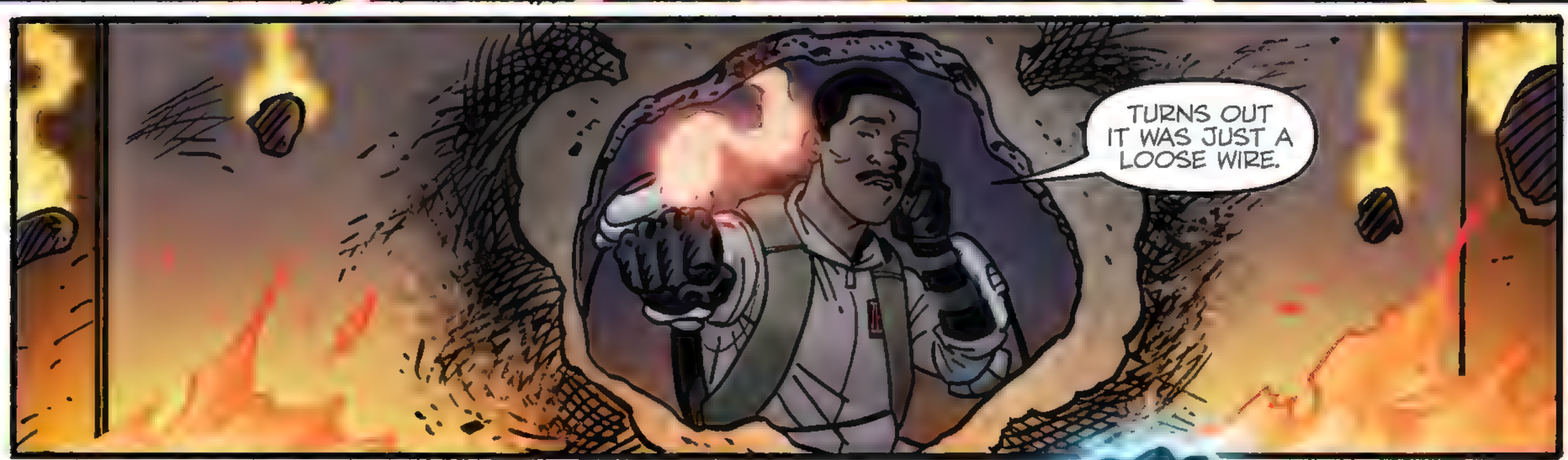
"HMM?"

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE NOTES OF YOURS WHILE YOU AND RAY FIGURE OUT HOW WE GET BACK OUTSIDE, HUH?

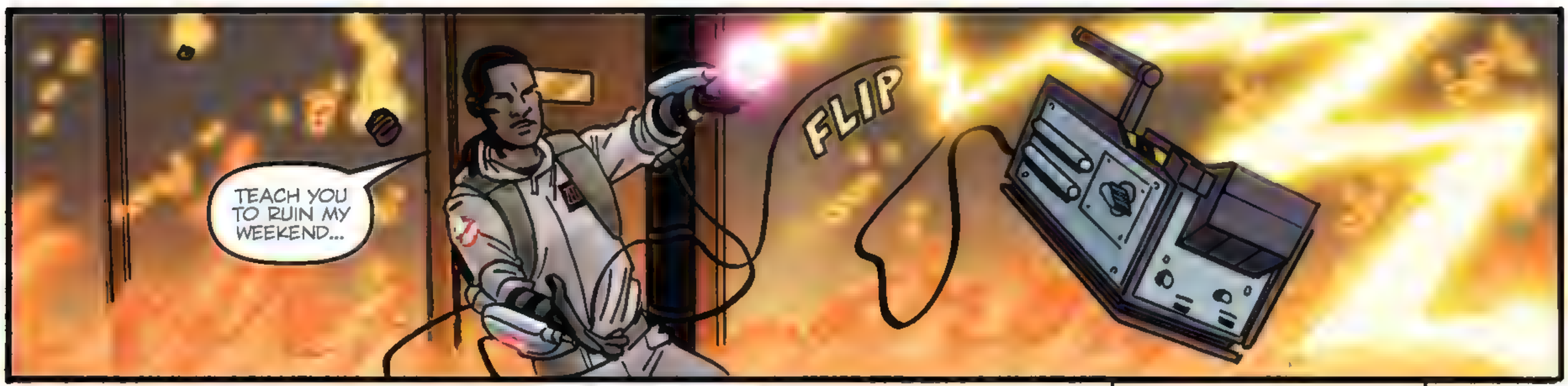
MEANWHILE, BACK IN VEGAS...
GAAAARCH!
WHAM WHAM WHAM

GAA--

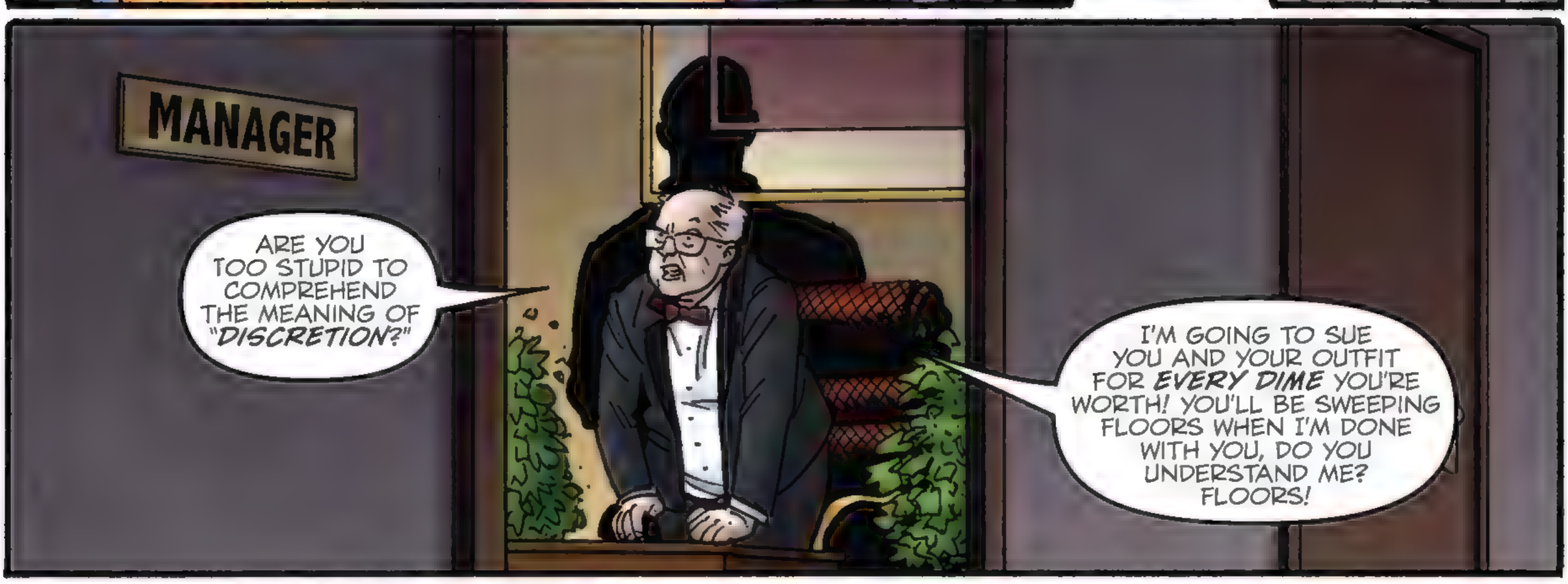

KRCHOOM


TURNS OUT IT WAS JUST A LOOSE WIRE.

MAN, GET BACK HERE!
SHZZZAK


TEACH YOU TO RUIN MY WEEKEND...
FLIP

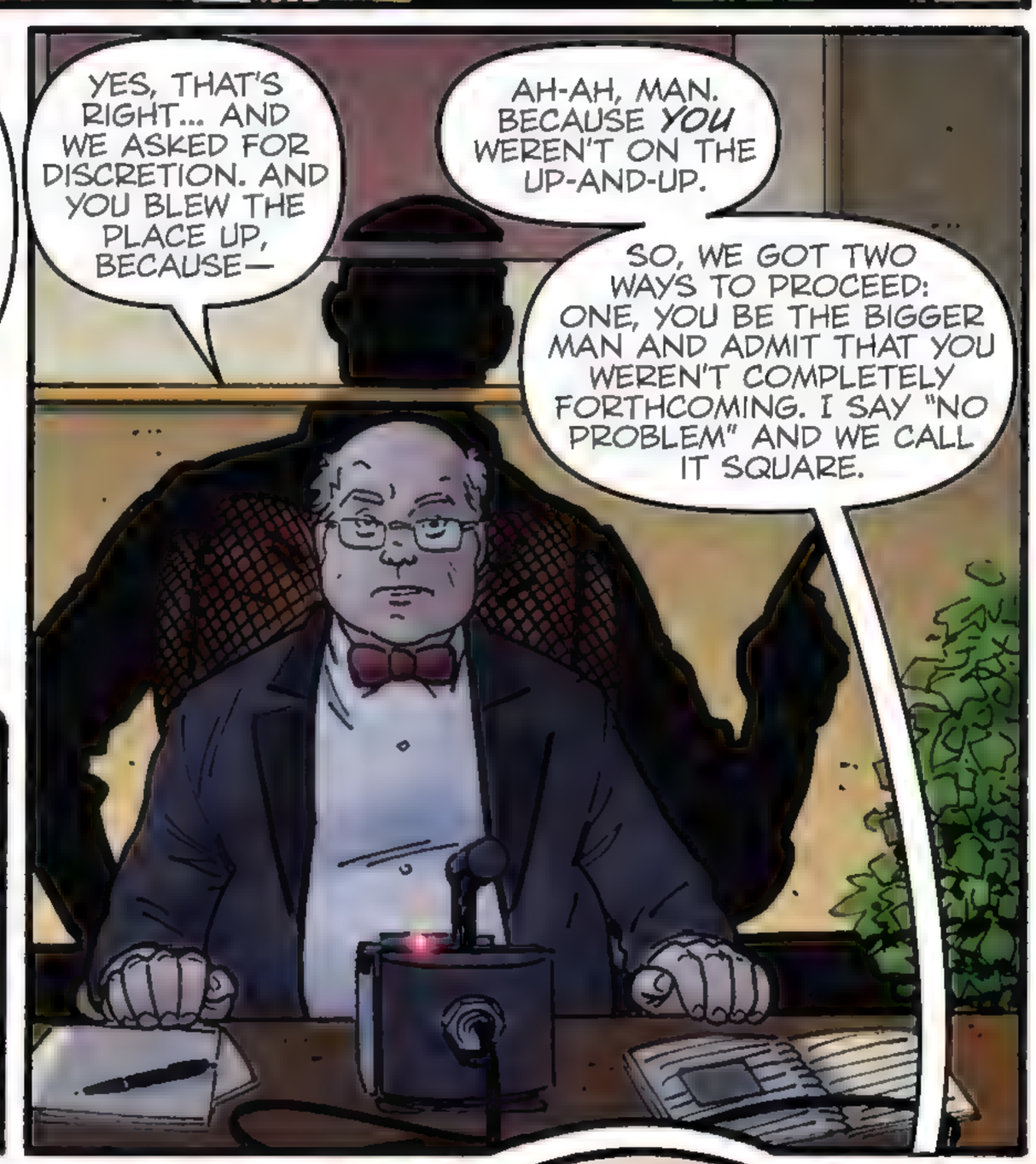
NOW, LET'S YOU AND ME GO AND HAVE A WORD WITH THE MANAGER.


MANAGER
ARE YOU TOO STUPID TO COMPREHEND THE MEANING OF "DISCRETION?"
I'M GOING TO SUE YOU AND YOUR OUTFIT FOR EVERY DIME YOU'RE WORTH! YOU'LL BE SWEEPING FLOORS WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? FLOORS!

UH-HUH.
YOU KNOW, I WAS GONNA APOLOGIZE FOR THE DISTURBANCE, BUT, MAN, YOU ARE WAY OUTTA LINE HERE, JUMPING FROM ZERO TO LAWSUIT. SO LET'S RE-EXAMINE THINGS, HUH?

WHEN YOU CONTACTED US, I ASKED YOU SOME VERY CLEAR QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR HAUNTING.
"IS THE GHOST DOCILE?" "IS THE GHOST CAPABLE OF AFFECTING ITS ENVIRONMENT?"
I TOLD YOU IT WAS OKAY IF THE ANSWER WAS "I DON'T KNOW," BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE SURE THAT THE GHOST COULDN'T DO ANYTHING MORE THAN HANG AROUND—EVEN AFTER I TOLD YOU THAT IT MADE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

AND THEN, SIR, YOU SIGNED A WORK ORDER ATTESTING TO THAT FACT—MEANING I HAVE PAPERWORK THAT STATES THIS GHOST WAS BENIGN AND YOU WERE MERELY HAVING IT REMOVED AS A CONVENIENCE.


YES, THAT'S RIGHT... AND WE ASKED FOR DISCRETION. AND YOU BLEW THE PLACE UP, BECAUSE—
AH-AH, MAN. BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T ON THE UP-AND-UP.
SO, WE GOT TWO WAYS TO PROCEED: ONE, YOU BE THE BIGGER MAN AND ADMIT THAT YOU WEREN'T COMPLETELY FORTHCOMING. I SAY "NO PROBLEM" AND WE CALL IT SQUARE.

OR, TWO: YOU FIND YOURSELF IN BREACH OF CONTRACT AND, AS PER COMPANY POLICY, I RE-RELEASE ANY AND ALL CAPTURED SPIRITS, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW...
...AND THEN SUE YOU FOR WITHHOLDING INFORMATION ON A WORK HAZARD.

THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE TELLS ME YOU KNOW IT WASN'T AS BENIGN AS YOU LED US TO BELIEVE, BUT I'LL STILL LET YOU MAKE THE CALL.

ALL RIGHT! I ADMIT IT! I WAS JUST TRYING TO—NEVER MIND. NEVER MIND. JUST TAKE THAT THING AWAY...
AND I THOUGHT THE GUYS WERE FULL OF IT ABOUT STINGY HOTEL MANAGERS. BUT... BUT SCREW IT, MAN.
I'M GETTING MYSELF A MASSAGE.

VINEYARD HAVEN, TISBURY, MA.

HERE WE ARE, PETER—I HOPE YOU *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

YEAH, ME, TOO. I'D HATE TO HAVE FLOWN UP HERE FOR *NOTHING*, BUT THIS IS WHERE THE KID SAID EPHRAIM HARDING'S BODY WAS INTERRED.

BETTER GET HER ON THE PHONE. IF THIS WORKS, WE SHOULD KNOW PRETTY QUICK.

WILL DO.

HERE GOES NOTHIN'.

clik

PAPAPAPAPP

HEY, FRANCIS! LOOK BEHIND YOU.

SNRRLL...

??

FATHER...

Here Lies Ephraim Harding

TOLD YA. HE JUST WANTED HIS DADDY.
KIDS.
KYLIE? ARE YOU THERE? IS ANYTHING GOING ON WITH THE SHIP?
YOU COULD SAY THAT, BOSS.
GRIFFIN
WOW.
NEXT: HAPPY HORROR DAYS

IDW
#1 • $3.99 • CVR A
BURNHAM
SCHOENING
DELGADO
GHOSTBUSTERS
IDW
#1 • $3.99 • CVR B
BURNHAM
SCHOENING
DELGADO
GHOSTBUSTERS
The New
GHOSTBUSTERS
Stripped
IDW
#1 • $3.99 • CVR C
BURNHAM
SCHOENING
DELGADO
GHOSTBUSTERS

THE ROOKIE & RON
IN
"BLAH BLAH BLOB"
I'M NOT KIDDING, RON. YOU REALLY HAVE TO START TREATING ME WITH MORE RESPECT AS YOUR BOSS.
CHICAGO.
TAKING CREDIT, LEAVING ME TO DO THE HARD WORK WHEN A WOMAN CATCHES YOUR EYES... WE'RE A TEAM, AND—
TCHK—YEAH, GREAT. COULD YOU HOLD THAT THOUGHT UNTIL WE'RE DONE HERE? I THINK IT'S ON THIRTEE—
SHLORP
NO, WE'RE HAVING THIS DISCUSSION NOW, DO YOU HEAR?
%$#@*¢% ROOKIE AND HIS %$#@*¢ FEELINGS!
TCHK—ARE YOU LISTENING, RON? HELLO? THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! I WON'T BE IGNORED, RON, I HAVE THINGS TO SAY...
THE END!

KYLIE GRIFFIN IN:
"NO SLEEP 'TIL BROOKLYN"

WHAT THE—?

AHA! CAUGHT UNAWARES.

PAFFF

WAIT—>KOFF<

SHAME ON YOU FOR SLEEPING ON THE JOB!

FFFT

GRR...

BUT... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO RESIST MY SLEEP DUST! HOW—

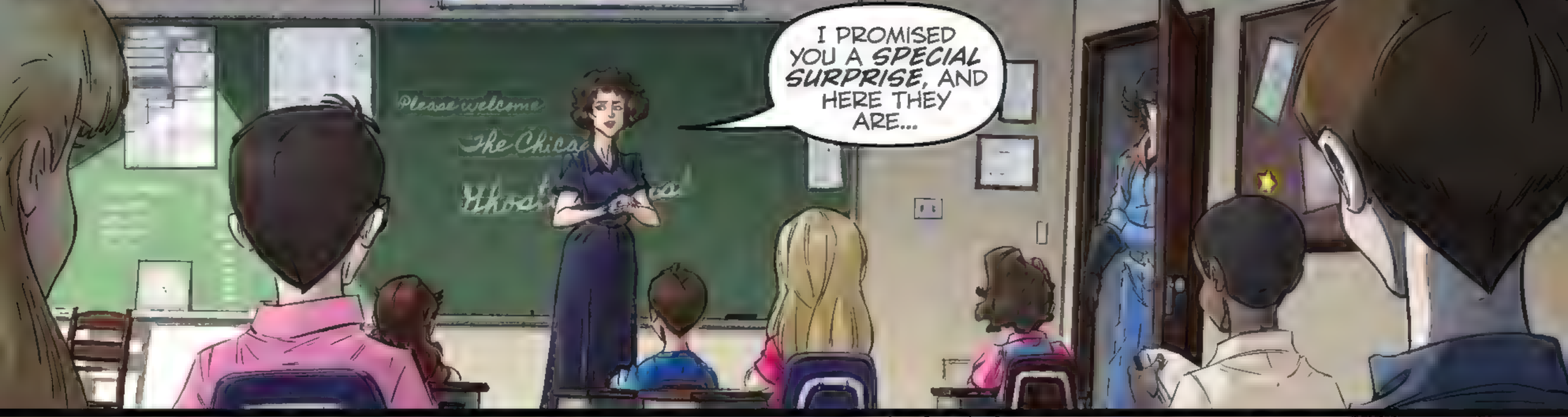
I'M *YOUNG*, YOU MORON... MY BODY'S PROBABLY *90% CAFFEINE* BY NOW.

NOW, SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND *PREPARE* TO BE TRAPPED.

THIS IS THE *LAST* TIME I DO A FAVOR FOR *RAY* ON MY LUNCH HOUR...

THE END!

CHICAGO.
NEVERMORE ELEMENTARY. SCHOOL DISTRICT 299.
OKAY, KIDS—ARE YOU READY?
FEATURING
THE ROOKIE & RON
IN
"VISITATION"


I PROMISED YOU A SPECIAL SURPRISE, AND HERE THEY ARE...

The Chicago Ghostbusters!
...THE GHOSTBUSTERS!
HI, EVERYONE!

THOSE AREN'T THE GHOSTBUSTERS.
THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM.
DOESN'T ONE OF THEM HAVE GLASSES?
YEAH. AND ONE HAS A MUSTACHE.

NOW, KIDS, THESE ARE THE CHICAGO GHOSTBUSTERS, AND THEY USE THE SAME EQUIPMENT AS THE REAL—ER—THE NEW YORK GHOSTBUSTERS.
UM, THAT'S RIGHT!

AND, UM, WE'VE BOTH DONE A *LOT* OF GHOSTBUSTING. I EVEN CAUGHT A *GHOST SHARK* RIGHT HERE IN CHICAGO!

THAT WASN'T *YOU!* MY DADDY SAID THAT WAS THE *REAL* GHOSTBUSTERS WHEN THEY WERE DRIVING ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

WELL, THEY *HELPED*, BUT—

OKAY, *LOOK*, WE'RE TAKING TIME OUT OF *OUR* BUSY SCHEDULE TO TALK TO YOU LITTLE BAS—

LANGUAGE.

—*CHILDREN*, AND THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SHOW SOME *APPRECIATION!*

WOULD YOU LIKE MY CANDY BAR?

THAT'S MORE *LIKE IT*. NOW, DO YOU KIDS HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, OR WHAT?

YOINK

IS—IS THE *BOGEYMAN* REAL?

HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

THE BOGEYMAN? YOU *DORK!*

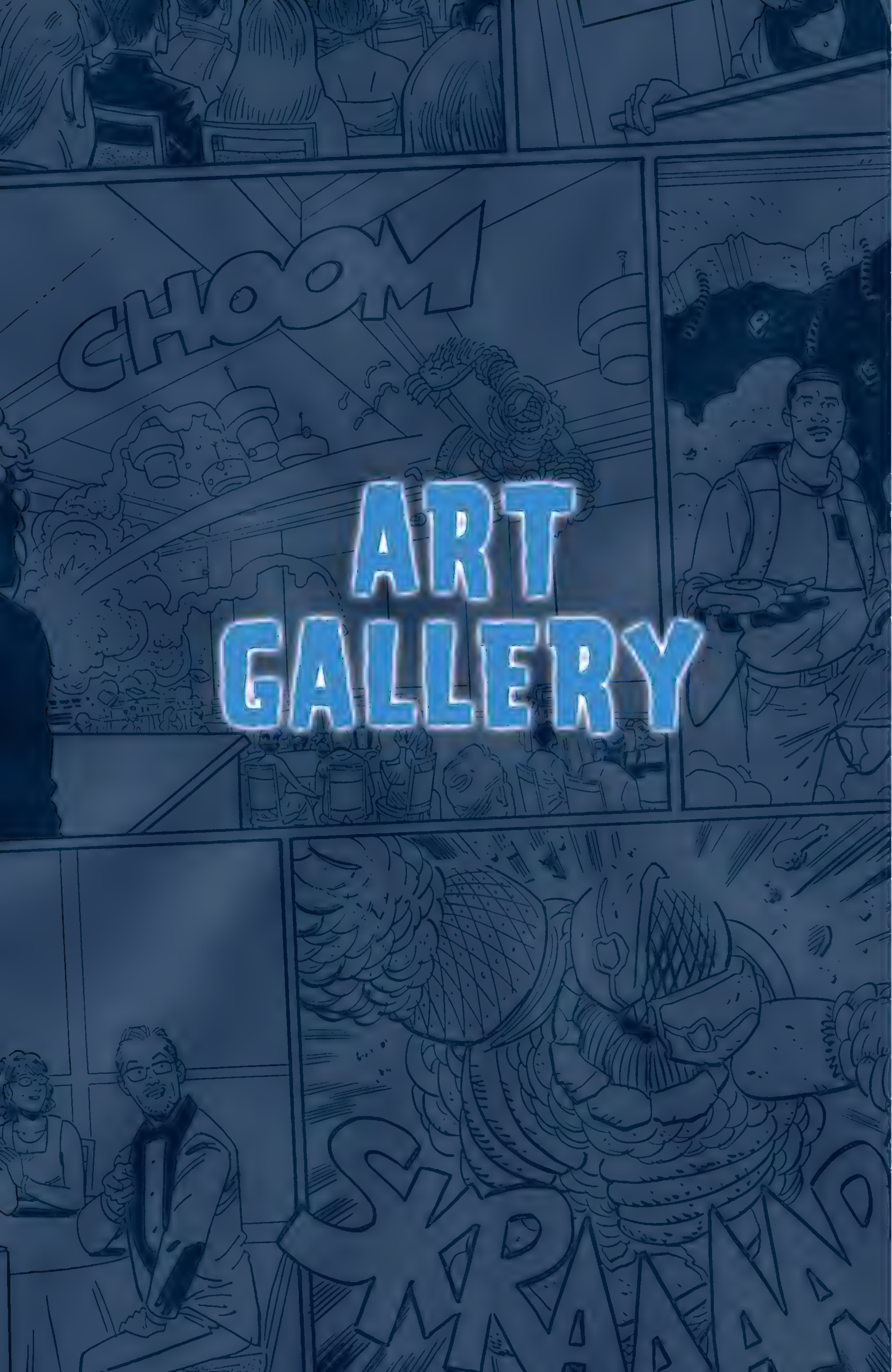
WHAT ARE YOU LITTLE WEASELS LAUGHING AT?

OF *COURSE* HE'S REAL.

THAT'S RIGHT, THE BOGEYMAN IS REAL!
YOU DON'T NEED TO LAY IT ON SO THICK...
QUIET, YOU.
NOW THE WAY MY OLD GRAMMY TOLD ME...

"...HE WAS A MONK WHO LIKED TO SCARE KIDS INTO BEING GOOD. EVENTUALLY HE WENT NUTS, MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, AND GOT HIMSELF A CLOAK THAT LET HIM BE INVISIBLE.
"AND WHENEVER HE TOOK THE HOOD OFF, HE LOOKED LIKE WHATEVER IT WAS THAT SCARED YOU THE MOST!"
AND THE WORST OF THE KIDS HE'D EAT WHOLE.
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT...

...TRUTH IS, EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD HAS A BOGEYMAN LEGEND, AND GIVEN SOME OF THE THINGS WE'VE SEEN, THAT LENDS A LOT OF CREDIBILITY TO ITS EXISTENCE. BUT, SINCE WE HAVEN'T ACTUALLY SEEN ONE, WE CAN'T SAY FOR SURE THAT THEY EAT KIDS.
NOT FOR SURE. BUT THAT'S WHERE THE SMART MONEY IS.
RON.
MAN, YOU GUYS ARE FULL OF %$#@, AND YOUR HAIR LOOKS LIKE A TOILET BRUSH.
BUT, RON—
YOU CAN'T JUST THROW CHAIRS AT KIDS...
HE WAS ASKING FOR IT.
STOW IT, ROOKIE. MAN, I HOPE A BOGEYMAN ACTUALLY COMES AFTER THE LITTLE PUNK...
YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT...
CAN'T I?
THE END?


CHOOM
ART GALLERY
SCRAMBLING

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO
JANNE MEINTZ

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

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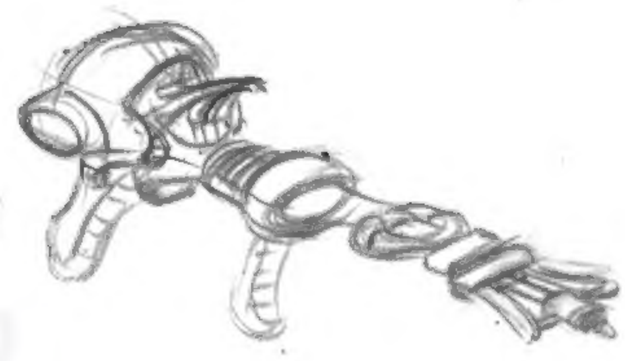

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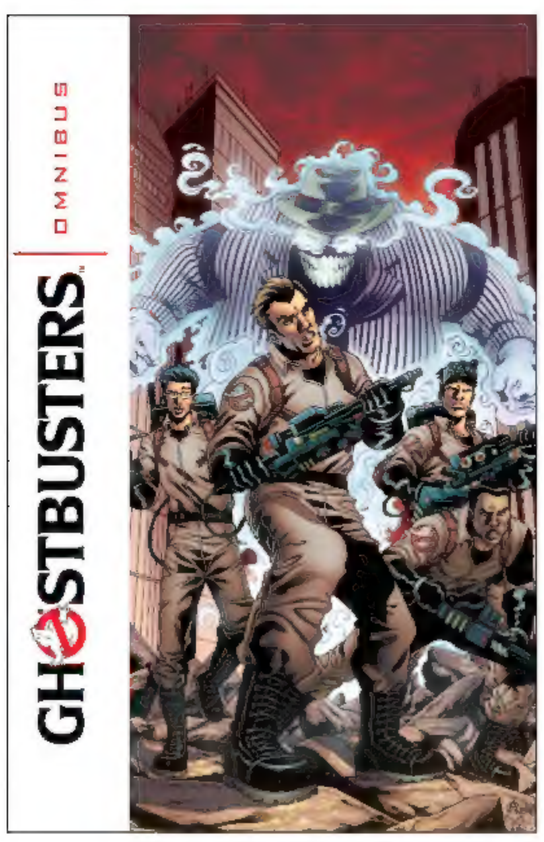

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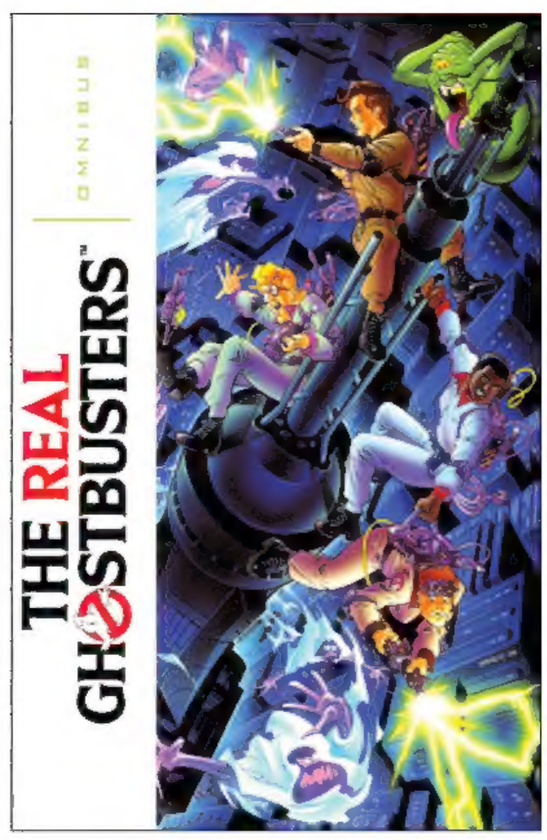

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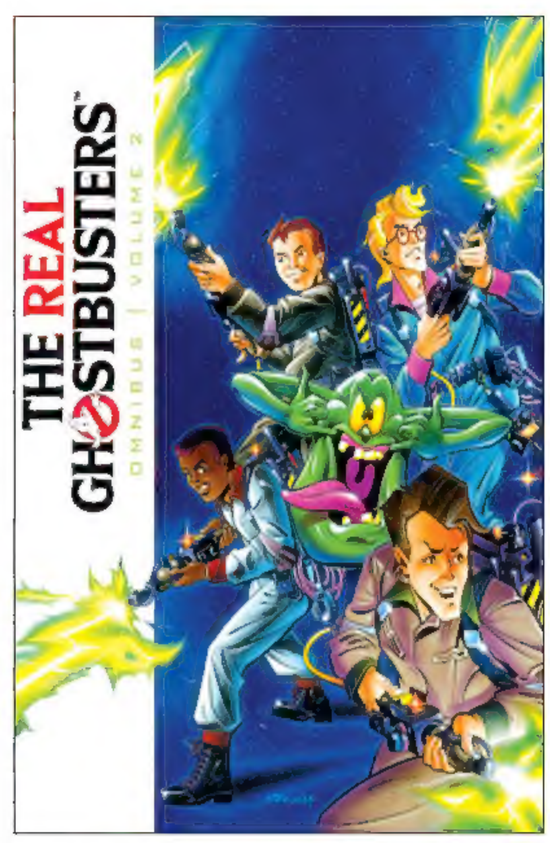

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